HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XX.—No. 1039.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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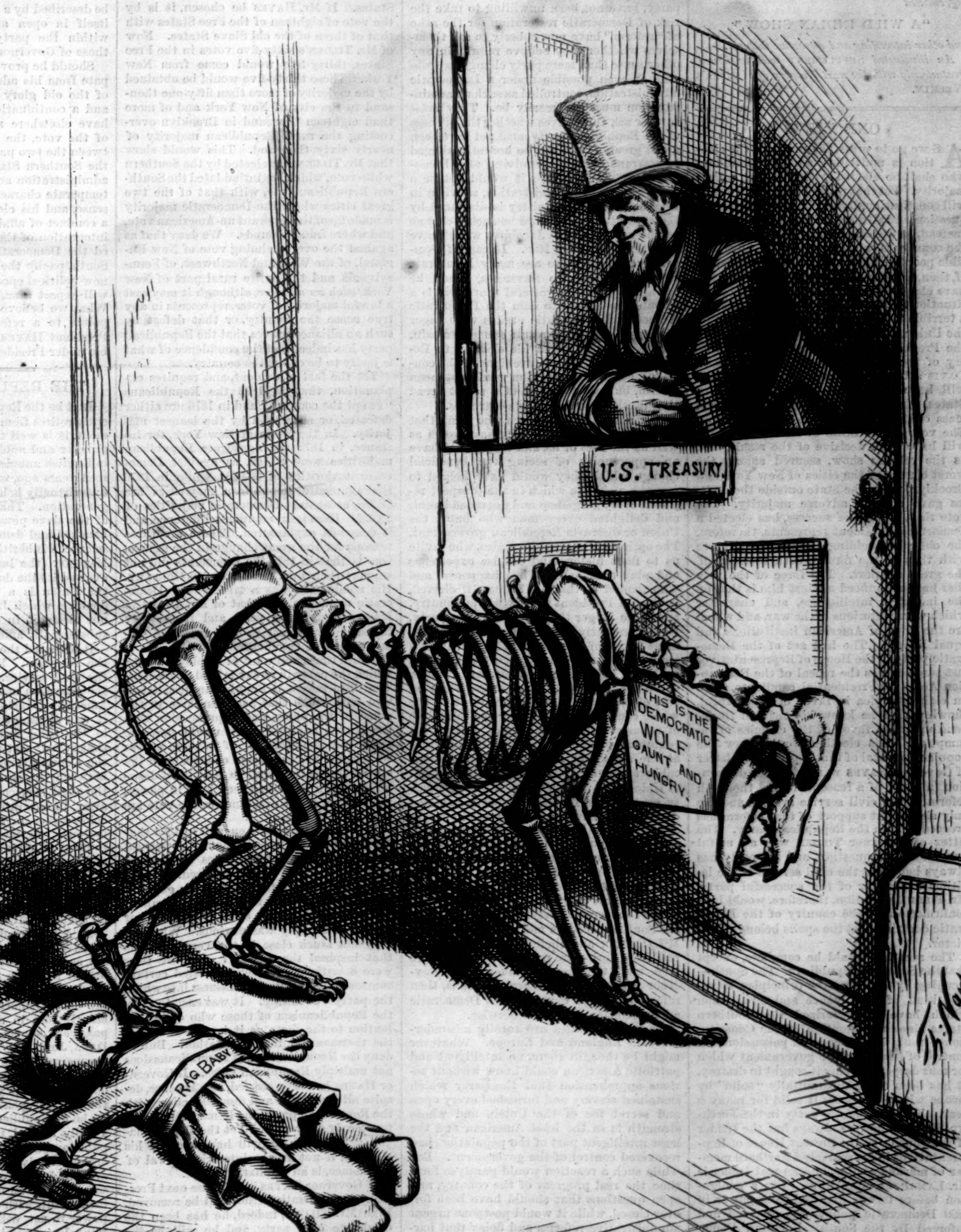
U.S. TREASURY
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 25, 1876.

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ONE VIEW.

As we go to press, the result of the election is undecided, and the candidate who shall be elected will have but a bare majority. Yet that majority, however small, will constitutionally and lawfully decide the question, and all good citizens will acquiesce. Instead, however, of inanely declaring that the country is safe whatever the result, sensible people will look to see its significance. If, then, the Democratic party shall prove to have elected its candidate, what will be the situation? Eleven years after the close of a terrible civil war for the maintenance of the Union, the election will have placed in the Presidency a man who holds the theory of the government which Jefferson Davis attempted to enforce. His election will have been carried by the Southern States, virtually united, against the vast mass of the Northern and Western States. The vote of the State of New York, which will have been decisive of the result, was, as the returns show, secured among the worst classes of the cities of New York and Brooklyn, while the State outside those cities gave a great adverse majority. The vote that, in case of success, has elected a Democratic President represents, therefore, the old slave-holding interest in alliance with that of the foreign-born element of the great sea-port. The force of the vote that has pronounced against him is that of the industry, intelligence, and character which were victorious in the war, and which are the hope of American institutions and equal liberty. The last act of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives last summer was the repeal of the Resumption Act. Its Presidential candidate made an elaborate plea in favor of that repeal, showing that he knew his election to depend upon the favor of the enemies of resumption. His election would show the popular approval of that repeal. The letter of Governor Hayes was a distinct declaration in favor of a reasonable and thorough reform of the civil service system, and the only significant support of that reform has proceeded from the Republican party. The letter of Governor Tilden was an artful evasion of the question, and his party has always held that the civil service is the legitimate plunder of the successful party. Mr. Tilden's election, therefore, would be a confirmation by the country of the Democratic doctrine that the spoils belong to the victor.

The reaction would be complete, except that the Senate is Republican. The South—meaning by that term the principles, spirit, and kind of intelligence and civilization which have characterized the Southern States since the adoption of the Constitution—would have recovered possession and control of the executive government which for four desperate years it sought to destroy. It has been made substantially "solid" by means which will keep it solid for many a year. The Democratic party in the Northern States is now as always but the tender of the South. In the present House of Representatives it has scarcely a Northern member of marked ability, and its real leader is Mr. Lamar, of Mississippi. For a generation before it was expelled from power in 1860 Democratic policy was dictated and enforced by the South. Northern Democrats were merely easy instruments of Southern leaders. The last Democratic cabinet was the seat of the conspiracy against the Union. Mr. Tilden, who, if elected, will owe his success to the vote of the city of New York allied to that of the Southern States, holds the Southern doctrine of the Union, opposed the war, and evaded the payment of his taxes resulting from it. Those who should expect from his administration independence of the power which elected him would forget that he has been always and in all things a mere Democratic politician subservient to his party. Had his majority been found in the old free loyal States, it would have shown that the sentiment of the country had really changed. As it is, his election would show simply reaction.

It is not easy to express the contempt which an intelligent American feels for those Democrats who, having always defended slavery and pandered to the South, having been Copperheads in the war, opponents of emancipation and civil and political equality, and sturdy skeptics of the Ku-Klux and the White League, now talk of letting by-gones be by-gones, and of ushering in an epoch of peace and good-will with the shot-gun and Derringer. But the Republicans who, indignant with Belknapery and the short-comings of the Republican party, have not been unwilling to take the risk of Democratic restoration for the sake of "reform," have now soberly to ask themselves whether they believe reform, in any other sense than mere party change, is probable or even possible under a Democratic administration, controlled as such an administration must necessarily be. They must further ask themselves whether the offenses of the Republican party must not have been much greater than can be honestly alleged to warrant them in conniving at a Democratic restoration. For it would not be a mere change of administration, as when in England a liberal ministry is displaced by the opposition. It would be such a change as the return of the Jacobites would have been ten years after 1688. In case of Democratic success there are many Democrats who, with Horatio Seymour, would be doubtless inwardly grateful that there is a Republican Senate to dam the Democratic freshet, and Democratic organs were eager to declare, when the result seemed certain, that Mr. Tilden owed his election to Republican votes. These are signs of the consciousness that his election would not mean reform, but reaction, and of a secret dread that it might go to perilous extremes.

As for the airy gentlemen who think that "change is beneficial," they have votes as well as the rest of us, and they would have an opportunity of seeing the beneficial change which they would have helped to secure—a change which in the prospect rejoiced every grog-shop and degraded haunt, and delighted every man who hates the Union or distrusts Republican government. The optimistic philosophers, also, who invite us to flout history and despise experience and play that nothing has happened, and who remind us that Mr. Tilden, if elected, is elected President of the whole country, and is no longer the candidate of a party, would presently discover that this government is one of parties, and that Mr. Tilden would be as much a Democratic President as James Buchanan, or Franklin Pierce, or James K. Polk. Buchanan, when he was elected, was also the President of the whole country, and no longer the candidate of a party. But that did not prevent his conniving at the Dred Scott decision nor at the abuses in Kansas, nor prevent his cabinet from conspiring against the national Union. If, after a strict and severe party contest, the Democratic party has succeeded, it will unquestionably use its power as a party. Its President would be its agent, and if he should attempt to break with his party, he would do merely what John Tyler and Andrew Johnson did, and with similar results. Democratic success would secure reform only so far as the controllers of the Democratic party—that is to say, the old Southern leaders and John Kelly and M'Laughlin and their followers who carried New York—are reformers. If they are more truly the friends of reform than Governor Hayes and his especial friends, then reform might be expected of a Democratic administration, but not otherwise.

American politics are totally misunderstood in England and Europe. Whatever might be thought there, no intelligent and patriotic American could know without serious apprehension that the party which sustained slavery and furnished every open and secret foe of the Union, and whose strength is in the least American and the least intelligent part of the population, had recovered control of the government. But while such a reaction would paralyze for a time the real progress of the country, and open questions that should have been forever closed, while it would postpone urgent administrative reforms and delay that harmonious reunion which all good citizens earnestly desire, no one who thinks of the tremendous issue that was at stake, the long and vehement popular discussion, the perfectly peaceful election, and the unquestioning acquiescence in the result, but would feel his faith in the wisdom of our political system renewed, and await the restoration to power of those principles and that faith which are the only security of American progress.

THE OTHER VIEW.

If the Republicans have elected their candidates, it will be also by the barest majority. The great history of the achievements of that party we recount elsewhere; and the question may fairly be asked, if that history be a true tale, why the party has only saved itself as by fire. Generalizations in reply to such a question are dangerous and often plainly sophistical. Thus if it be said that either the election of Mr. Tilden, or that of Mr. Hayes by a mere majority, will show that the Republican party has lost the confidence of the country, we reply that that is not clear. If Mr. Tilden be elected, it is by the vote of thirteen of the old Slave States and four of the old Free States. If Mr. Hayes be chosen, it is by the vote of eighteen of the Free States with that of three of the old Slave States. Now of Mr. Tilden's sixty-five votes in the Free States, thirty-five would come from New York. Those thirty-five would be obtained by the majority of more than fifty-one thousand in the city of New York and of more than eighteen thousand in Brooklyn overcoming the rural Republican majority of nearly sixty thousand. This would show that Mr. Tilden was elected by the Southern white vote, which has intimidated the Southern Republican vote, with that of the two great cities where the Democratic majority is made up of the ignorant un-American vote, and where fraud abounds. We deny that as against the overwhelming vote of New England, of the West and Northwest, of Pennsylvania and the entire rural part of New York, such an alliance, although it may cast a lawful majority of votes, represents in any true sense the country, or that defeat by such an alliance proves that the Republican party has indeed lost the confidence of what is justly to be called the country.

Yet the fact is evident, and requires explanation, that in 1872 the Republicans "swept the country," and in 1876 are either defeated, or successful by the leanest majority. In the State of New York, for instance, in 1872 the aggregate Republican majorities were 83,169, as against Democratic majorities of 30,675; while in 1876 the aggregate Republican majorities are 57,762, as against Democratic majorities of 88,279. Here is an enormous difference, and it demands explanation. There are three reasons for the great change in the figures. One is that in 1872 the Democrats did not support their own candidate, Mr. Greeley. His nomination was a trick of the Democratic managers, like that of Mr. Adams in Massachusetts this year, and it properly failed ignominiously in both cases. A second reason of the difference in the vote is the hard times and want of employment, for which the party in power is held to account. The third reason is Republican dissatisfaction with much that has been done in the name of the party, and apprehension that the Hayes administration would continue to do the same things. If to these causes we add the mere desire of change, upon the stupid theory that change is in itself desirable when a party has been long in power, the reasons of the difference in the vote are evident.

It seemed to us plain enough in 1874 that the results of the elections and the general Republican defeat were notes of warning that could not be wisely despised. It was not enough to say that hard times explained the elections, and that all that Republicans had to do was to stick closer to their party. The reply was obvious. Why had they not stuck close in the very elections that inspired the remark? Because they were dissatisfied. They distrusted certain courses and a certain recklessness into which the party was falling. It was easy to deny the Republicanism of those who called attention to the facts, as it is easy to blame the thermometer for the weather. But to deny the Republicanism of Republicans does not multiply Republican votes. If Governor Hayes has been elected, it is because, despite all complaint and dissatisfaction with the Republican party, the Democratic is still too deeply distrusted. Yet the slender majority by which he will have secured his election, if not an absolute withdrawal of confidence, is an emphatic rebuke.

If Governor Hayes is to be the next President, that dissatisfaction will be removed. Like Mr. Tilden, indeed, he has been the candidate of a party, and he will be the President of a party. But the difference in their positions is plain. Mr. Tilden was nominated as a means of restoring his party to power. But the argument was not that he represented the real Democratic spirit, but that he would win votes from Republicans who believed him to be a reformer. Mr. Hayes, on the contrary, was nominated as a representative of that Republican spirit of reform without which success was impossible. Mr. Bristow, indeed, was the original reform candidate. But it was the friends of Mr. Bristow who nominated Governor Hayes. His letter of acceptance, as well as his whole career, shows how thoroughly he is in accord with that part of the party which demands purity of administration and a change in all that has alienated Republican sympathy. But where in the Democratic party can any sign of a real spirit of reform be found? Run over its record during the last two years. Is it Mr. Bigelow and Mr. Dorsheimer and Mr. Godwin and Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Apgar and the "Literary Bureau" that represent the real forces of the Democratic party, or the seventy-five thousand majority in Georgia and the seventy thousand in the cities of New York and Brooklyn? On the other hand, the reform and progressive element in the Republican party is not to be described by a few names. It has shown itself in open and successful opposition within the party, and its principles are those of Governor Hayes.

Should he prove to be elected, we anticipate from his administration a restoration of the old glory of the Republican party, and a continuation of the history that we have elsewhere recounted. The closeness of the vote, the division of Congress between the two parties, and the condition of the Southern States will make the Hayes administration arduous. But his calm and temperate character, his commanding good sense, and his clear sagacity would insure a conduct of affairs that would, by the disintegration of the miscellaneous body called the Democratic party, and of the solid South, pacify the country and introduce a new political epoch. No wise man, indeed, will expect a sudden political millennium. What we believe is that every probability points to a reform administration under President Hayes which would be impossible under President Tilden.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

If it be the Republican party which presently retires from the control of the government, it is well to remember that it has a prouder and nobler history than any party in English annals. It came into power sixteen years ago, when the Democratic party had virtually held the administration for a generation. That party was the mere tool of the slave power, and had sedulously debauched and demoralized the national conscience. Inheriting from Jefferson and Madison (the last of whom partially disavowed it) the doctrine of secession, or that the Union is a voluntary partnership—a doctrine which Jackson's proclamation did not discredit in the party, and which was substantially affirmed by Mr. Tilden in 1860—it prepared the way for the movement of the rebellion. It had utterly prostituted the civil service. It had totally disgraced the American name, and it had brought the American principle into mortal peril. But it was apparently impregnably intrenched in the solid Southern vote, in the doubt that it had cast upon the true meaning of the Constitution, in the timidity of trade between the sections, in the patronage of the civil service, in the sentiment of the army, in the intense prejudice against the colored race, in the hopelessness of constitutional interference with slavery, and in the fear of actual trouble with the insolent and threatening slave power.

But the firm and courageous Republican appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the people of the Northern States—for no such appeal was permitted in the South—an appeal made in the face of the most derisive opposition and of massacres in Kansas, as an earnest of what should follow, so united the Free States that they voted in 1860 as a Republican unit, and were successful. The Democratic party of the South instantly rose in arms. That of the North passively co-operated. As Mr. Richard H. Dana, Jun., truly says, the very term "War Democrat" is the conclusive evidence that simple Democrat was synonymous with an opponent of the government. No one ever thought of speaking of War Republicans. To be a Republican was to be a Union man. Totally unused to administration, the Republican party was at once confronted with organized civil war, with treason in the army and navy, with corruption in the civil service, with an empty Treasury, with a ruined credit, with denial of its constitutional power to act, with seceding States, a crumbling Union, and the sneering hostility of foreign nations.

Without a moment's delay it arose to the great emergency. Relying upon the people of the Free States, it created an army and a navy. It made enormous loans. It waged a tremendous war of four years. It held at bay foreign powers eager to abet the ruin of the Union. It maintained order in the Free States. It sent army after army to the field, and amply sustained them. It emancipated four millions of slaves. It maintained the Union absolutely and without condition. It did not build a scaffold nor take a life in punishment. It enfranchised the freedmen and restored every rebel to citizenship. It vindicated the American principle before the world, and gave the country a standing and respect among other nations that it had never known before. It made the Declaration of Independence a truth and not a lie, and for the first time made America mean liberty instead of slavery. In the ten years since the war ended it has paid eight hundred millions of dollars of the debt. It has reduced the interest account by fifty millions. It has reduced taxation by two hundred and sixty millions. It has immensely reduced the percentage of loss by carelessness or crime in the collection and disbursement of the public money. It has greatly decreased the running expenses of the government per capita since the last Democratic Administration. It has negotiated bonds at four and a half per cent. interest to replace those paying six per cent. It has declared for the resumption of specie payments in 1879. It has saved the existence, the character, and the credit of the United States.

This is the party which, if Mr. TILDEN be elected, now retires and gives place to the Democratic, with Democratic leadership, doctrines, and practices unchanged. This is the party which Democratic orators, and Republicans who have deserted their party because it did not give them office, denounce as totally corrupt. This is the party which Messrs. MORRISSEY, BELMONT, KELLY, WOOD, SPINOLA, SCHELL, FELLOWS, and SULLIVAN (which last-named gentleman, according to the papers, called upon the band at Tammany Hall on election night to play "The Wearing of the Green," as if the country had worn the blue long enough) deride as a party made up of BELKNAPS and BABCOCKS, of SHEPHERDS and BUTLERS. There have undoubtedly been knaves and rascals in the party, but for every Republican scalawag, there are a hundred Democratic. There have been abuses and offenses, for which the party, even if successful, pays the penalty by its small majority. Should it be constitutionally decided that the Republicans retire, they will not protest. So the Yankees withdrew from Bunker Hill, but they carried America in their hearts. The Republicans have revealed the glory and the power of the American principle, and among them at this moment are to be found the qualities and the convictions that give the word America its distinctive meaning.

THE LATE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

WHOEVER is elected, one man disappears from the canvass absolutely without stain and without reproach, and with the grateful respect of his faithful countrymen and supporters. That man is Governor HAYES. For more than four months he has been the candidate of a party upon which every kind of abuse has been lavished, but he has escaped without a slur. Mr. TILDEN'S lieutenant, Mr. DORSHEIMER, confessed that the Democratic managers tried to find something wrong or doubtful in the record of Governor HAYES, and he also confesses the total failure of the effort. Finding nothing that could be justly censured, Mr. DORSHEIMER contented himself with insulting an older and more conspicuous soldier than himself. The entire career of Governor HAYES has been investigated, civil and military, official and private, and he stands unblemished in the fullest light of malicious and suspicious inquiry. We doubt if any public man in the country has ever been subjected to so trying an ordeal, and emerged so utterly unscathed.

During all the campaign his conduct has been, as we have said before, that of a quiet, self-respecting gentleman. He is Governor of the State of Ohio, and his official residence is at Columbus. There he has remained, with the exception of the time given to two official visits to Philadelphia, tranquilly engaged in the discharge of his duties. His "canvass" and the management of its details have been in the hands of his friends. As he did not intrigue and plan for the nomination, so he was content to await the event of the election with the same dignity and self-respect. In all this the contrast between the two candidates has been extraordinary. The Governor of New York has passed a very large part of the time since his nomination in the city of New York, personally directing and managing his canvass. It is, we believe, a proceeding entirely without precedent. He established a "Literary Bureau" to furnish political "copy" to the newspapers that supported him, and he has sought the Presidency of the United States by the same kind of personal activity and management that a man in a country village displays in seeking votes as constable. As Mr. TILDEN'S conduct in this matter has been without precedent, it is to be hoped that it will be without imitation hereafter. Imagine WASHINGTON or LINCOLN "managing their own canvass!" Dr. WOOLSEY said with perfect truth that Mr. TILDEN had manifested "uncommon anxiety" for the Presidency.

The attitude of Governor HAYES, from the day of his nomination, has commended him most warmly to the respect and confidence of the whole country. There has been a manly simplicity in his bearing, and in the words spoken by him when he was apparently defeated such manly good sense, that, should it happily prove that he is elected, his total freedom from the arts and uncommon anxiety of an old party politician will be refreshing and encouraging to his fellow-citizens. On the other hand, should the gentleman who has managed his own canvass prove to have managed it successfully, Governor HAYES will pass from the peculiar prominence which he has held since his nomination with the sincere and grateful regard of the great party and of the host of representative Americans who have so earnestly supported him. He has been a true representative of the good old cause; pure, honorable, sagacious, self-respecting, and self-restrained; a true type of the best American citizen—an American gentleman without fear and without reproach.

COUNTING THE VOTES.

IN 1865 Congress adopted a joint rule that if any member of either House should object to the certificate of the result of the Presidential election in any State, both Houses should withdraw and vote upon the question without delay, and unless both Houses concurred, the certificate should be rejected. But this rule has been repealed, and there is now no provision for the settlement of such a question, should it be raised. The result of the present election is so close, and the probability of some such question is so evident, that the first duty of Congress upon re-assembling will be to make provision for the contingency. The differing political sentiment of the Houses may make such action more difficult, but it should not seriously embarrass it. At present, if one House should protest against the result as declared, and withdraw, the validity of the election that might be announced would be questioned. The Constitution provides that the President of the Senate shall open the certificates, count the votes in the presence of the Senate and the House, and declare the result. This seems to imply the assent and acquiescence of both Houses, and the protest and non-concurrence of either might lead to confusion and trouble.

The rule of 1865 certainly exposed the country to some risks. If, for instance, the result in any election had depended upon New York, and objection were made upon the ground of fraud, but really for a mere party purpose, and it were sustained by a party majority in either House, the temptation would be very strong to raise a similar objection in the other House upon similar party grounds, and to sustain it in the same way and for the same purpose. The reception of the whole electoral vote was thus apparently exposed to the whim of party spirit. It is assumed, however, by our system of government that there are good sense and patriotism enough in the American people to curb the perils of unbridled party spirit, and the action of Congress, we have no doubt, will justify that faith. Some method might be suggested under which, if objection be made to any State return, the ground should be stated, and the question referred to a committee of equal numbers from both Houses. They should make a speedy report, and, in case of disagreement, they might call in the Chief Justice as arbitrator. The decision should be final. Any plan that could be devised would be open to objection. But friction and inconvenience and compromise would be very much better than any failure to determine.

The problem is not in itself difficult. Its solution demands only honest patriotism and loyalty in Congress; and if they do not exist there, the country is much more unfortunate than we believe. It is foolish for either party to insist at this time that the other is not willing to abide by the decision of the majority. If, for instance, the result of the election depends upon the vote of Louisiana, the sole question is, For whom were the majority of the votes in that State cast? Fraud can be assumed upon either side, and the assumption proves nothing. The previous action of the present returning board has indeed laid it under suspicion. But a careful survey of the canvass of votes by prominent representatives will satisfy the country. The declarations of the President were most admirable, and worthy of the Chief Magistrate. All that honorable Republicans and Democrats wish to know is the fact. If Louisiana has voted for Mr. TILDEN, he is apparently elected. But the assertion that Republicans are scoundrels does not prove that Louisiana gave a Democratic majority, as the equally positive allegation that Democrats are rascals does not prove that New York voted for HAYES.

PERSONAL.

MR. MOTLEY, the historian, enters again the field of fiction. He is writing, and will publish next year, a historical novel. Mr. MOTLEY has written two novels. The first, *Morton's Hope*, was published in 1839, and was quite successful. In the following year he was appointed secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, where he remained but a short time. In 1849 he produced *Merry Mount: a Romance*, which had little success. Since then his literary labors have been devoted to history. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, published just twenty years ago, placed him in the front rank of historians, and his subsequent works have added to his fame.

—At the Hôtel du Grand Cerf, in the village of Anselys, in Normandy, there is to be seen to this day the curious name in the register, "Monsieur Gauthier l'Ecossais." There is a story attached to this signature. On the 27th of January, 1827, a stranger slept at the hostelry. The landlady asked his name. "WALTER SCOTT," he said. "That's an English name, isn't it? How do you write it in French?" The novelist smiled as he replied, "Gauthier Ecossais;" and down it went as it stands.

—THOMAS CARLYLE, in a recent conversation with an American gentleman, took occasion, in a very concise but emphatic way, to express his opinion of DARWIN and the men who adopt his views. Said he: "A good sort of man is this DARWIN, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretense, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn: the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and I now stand upon the brink of eternity—the more comes back to me the sentence in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes—'What is the great end of man?' 'To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."

—Captain VAUGHAN MORGAN, an English officer who recently flitted through the U. S., says that the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S sermon which he heard, and the effect of St. Peter's Church at Rome, were about the only two things that equaled his utmost anticipations.

—When the Emperor of Brazil was in Constantinople he amazed the lethargic Turk by going every where, seeing every thing, finding out all he could, and getting the full worth of his money, the latter being a point on which Oriental potentates affect to be indifferent. He expected to meet Dr. SCHLIEMANN in the Dardanelles, and with him proceed to the scene of the doctor's excavations in Asia Minor.

—The personal appearance of Mr. PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, one of the popular authors of the day, is thus given in the November number of the *International Review*: "His general appearance is singularly attractive. In person he is well formed and athletic, with a noble head, regular features, a clear and penetrating eye, and a fine beard, which is worn full. The type of his features is decidedly American rather than English, and his countenance is strongly suggestive of that of GEORGE MACDONALD, if indeed it can not be said to resemble the latter. His habits of life are spoken of as 'quiet and regular in the extreme.' He generally employs the early hours of the morning in literary composition, and reserves several of the best and lightest hours of the day clear for practical art. Toward evening he has another literary sitting, after which he dines with his family. He has wisely given up all literary work at night. Once in a while, for the sake of recreation, he takes a run to Paris, or London, or Switzerland, but even these visits are turned to good account, and amidst exercise he picks up a good many grains of knowledge. His republican sympathies are very strong, and he has watched the political events of Europe and America with profound interest, and a strong faith in the growth of liberal principles and institutions."

—Colonel JOHN WINTHROP, at present a resident of Newport, Rhode Island, is the last male descendant, in the direct line, of JOHN WINTHROP, the first Governor of Massachusetts.

—Speaking of JOAQUIN MILLER'S new play, *The Shadow of Nauvoo*, Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, rising to the height of the emergency, says: "What theatre-goers now demand is not dramatic art, but an entirely new sensation; and I suspect that nothing but a combination of acrobat, negro minstrel, high and low comedian, ventriloquist, pugilist, revival preacher, and Centennial orator, all in one, will fulfill the popular ideal."

—The "Chinee" is no longer to be pooh-poohed by the European or American. His wonderful exhibits at the Centennial are the admiration of all who recognize inventive genius, deft handiwork, and exquisite taste. Two Chinese gentlemen, official writers and interpreters for their government, have been sent hither to report officially on the Centennial Exhibition, and have made a careful study of every department in detail. The result is said to be a very creditable book, which they intend to publish in China and circulate universally throughout the empire.

—Sir CHARLES READE, of London, has sent to the Old South Society, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, a portrait and an original letter of the Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

—At a recent dinner given at Passy, France, there were present the widows of the distinguished composers ROSSINI and SPOTINI, the latter in her eighty-sixth year, and full of vigor. They remained in Paris during the siege and troubles of the Commune.

—General DI CESNOLA, whose contributions from Cyprus form one of the most interesting features of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, is now in London, engaged upon a work on the history and antiquities of Cyprus. A chapter on the relations between Egypt and Cyprus will be contributed by Dr. BIRCH. The discoveries made of late years in Cyprus, to a great extent by General DI CESNOLA himself, have rendered ENGEL'S *Kypros* altogether obsolete, and the forth-coming volume will be exceptionally valuable.

—Mr. BRENTANO, the diligent and obliging news-dealer, of Union Square, came to New York twenty-four years ago, and commenced selling newspapers at retail. Then he opened a little shop in Broadway, near Bleecker Street, thence up to Union Square, and now, at the age of forty-seven, is a sort of public character—a good public character—and worth, it is said, $500,000.

—Bishop STROSSMAYER, who for many years has been one of the prominent figures in the Austrian Empire, is sixty-one years of age. At thirty he was so eloquent a preacher that he became an especial favorite with the emperor, and at the early age of thirty-five he was nominated to the episcopate. He has for years been the trusted and acknowledged leader of the Sclavonian population of Austria. He interprets very literally the apostolic precept which says that a bishop should "be given to hospitality." Dinner is provided in his palace every day for forty or fifty poor people, and his own table seems to be free to all comers. His grounds are open to the public, who avail themselves freely of the liberty, not merely for the sake of the recreation, but in the hope of meeting the genial bishop, who has a kind word and a bright look for all. People sometimes drive or walk from a distance for the sake of this pleasure, and then are pretty sure to receive an invitation to dinner. He has an income of $250,000 a year, all of which is given away in good works. No wonder that the Pope likes him personally, though a little out of gear on the infallibility dogma.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Presidential election took place on the 7th. The Republicans claim a bare majority. The disputed States are Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, each of which, as we go to press, seems to have a fair majority for Hayes. The new House of Representatives stands, thus far, 144 Republicans and 146 Democrats. The Assembly of this State is Republican beyond question, with probably 72 Republicans and 56 Democrats.

In Madison Parish, Louisiana, where Hayes's majority is 2150, the White Leaguers broke into the court-house, and destroyed the ballot-boxes and the returns from several polls, but fortunately not until after the votes had been canvassed, and the original returns conveyed to a place of safety. President Grant, on the 10th, telegraphed the following orders to General Sherman:

"PHILADELPHIA, *November* 10.

"*General W. T. Sherman, Washington, D. C.*:

"Instruct General Auger in Louisiana and General Ruger in Florida to be vigilant with the forces at their command to preserve peace and good order, and to see that the proper and legal Boards of Canvassers are unmolested in the performance of their duties. Should there be any grounds of suspicion of fraudulent count on either side, it should be reported and denounced at once. No man worthy of the office of President should be willing to hold it if counted in or placed there by fraud. Either party can afford to be disappointed in the result. The country can not afford to have the result tainted by the suspicion of illegal or false returns.

"U. S. GRANT."

"PHILADELPHIA, *November* 10.

"*General Sherman, Washington, D. C.*:

"Send all the troops to General Auger he may deem necessary to insure entire quiet and a peaceful count of the ballots actually cast. They may be taken from South Carolina unless there is reason to suspect an outbreak there. The presence of citizens from other States, I understand, is requested in Louisiana to see that the Board of Canvassers make a fair count of the vote actually cast. It is to be hoped that representative and fair men of both parties will go. U. S. GRANT."

A number of prominent representative men of both parties have been invited to go to Louisiana to see that the vote is fairly counted. Among the Republicans who have accepted are William M. Evarts, of New York; General Garfield, of Ohio; General Logan, of Illinois; J. A. Kasson, of Iowa; John Schonberg, of Pennsylvania; Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania; and Colonel C. J. Ditty, of Baltimore, who was an officer in the Confederate army, but who has been an enthusiastic Republican for some years. The Democrats are ex-Senator Trumbull, of Illinois; ex-Governor J. M. Palmer, of Illinois; ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania; ex-Senator Hamilton, of Maryland; ex-Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin; ex-Lieutenant-Governor Colbaugh, of Illinois; Judge J. B. Stallo, of Cincinnati; Oswald Ottendorfer, of New York; Henry Watterson, of Louisville; Senator Randolph, of New Jersey; Governor Smith, of Wisconsin; Governor Carroll, of Maryland; Professor Sumner, of Yale College; ex-Assistant Secretary of the Navy Fox; Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania; ex-Governor Bigler, of Pennsylvania.

A gang of ruffians, on the 7th, attempted to steal the remains of Abraham Lincoln from the sarcophagus in the monument at Springfield, Illinois. They were surprised in the attempt, but were not captured. The scheme was to hide the remains until President Grant should be compelled to give a certain counterfeiter now in prison his freedom, conditioned on the restoration of the remains to the place from which they were taken.

The Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was formally closed by President Grant on the 10th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

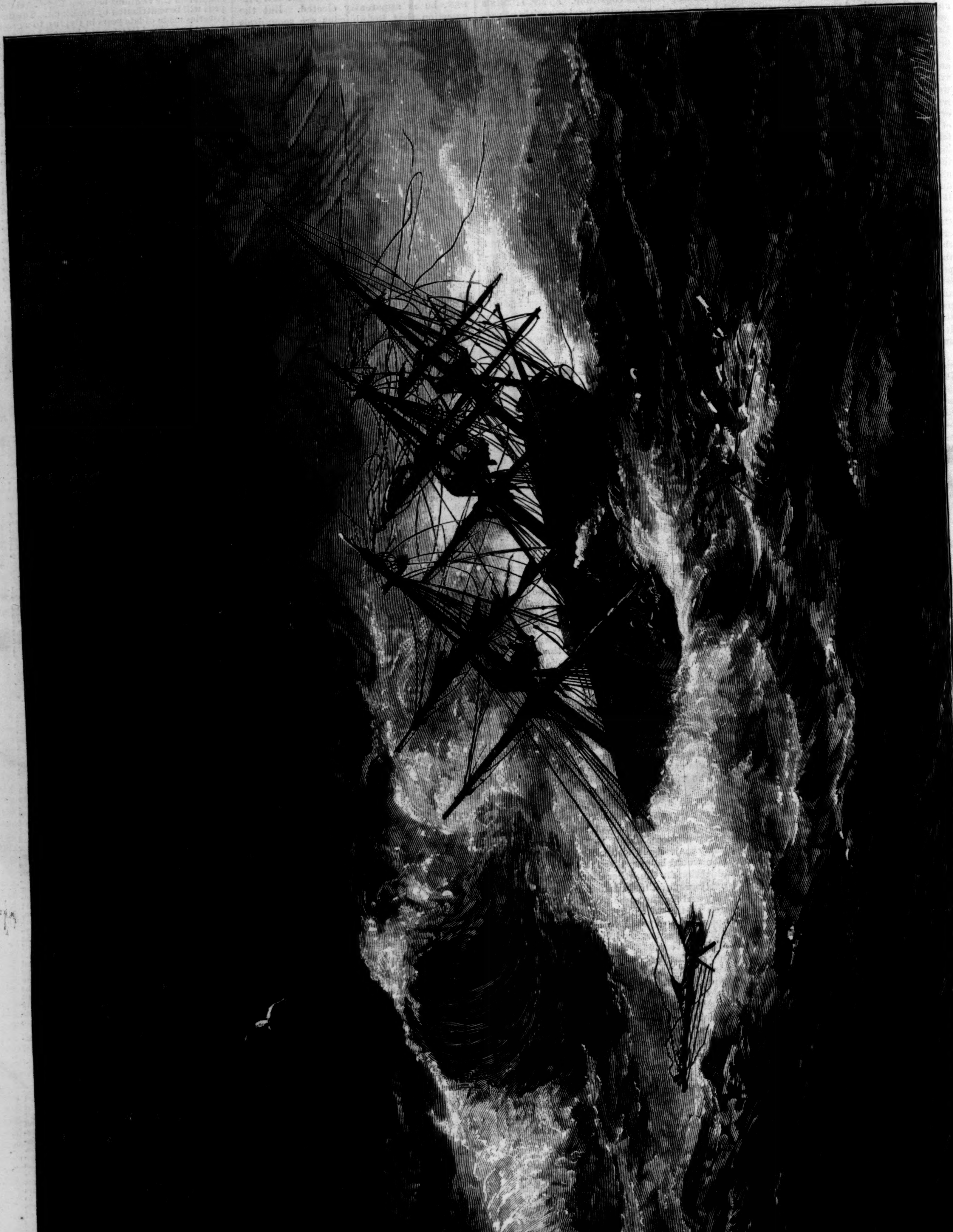
IN a banquet speech in London, on the 9th, the Earl of Beaconsfield explained the efforts the government had made for the maintenance of peace during the past year. He said in these efforts the government had been guided by the principle of maintaining the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire which were guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris. He upheld this principle as best adapted to secure the peace of the world. He emphatically repudiated the doctrine that the Treaty of Paris ought to be considered obsolete. He recapitulated the events of the last year, and stated that the government had refused its assent to the Berlin memorandum, and also refused to give its sanction to the proposals contained in the Soumarakoff letter, because it felt that the occupation of Turkish territory would be a violation of the most solemn treaties. The sending of the fleet to Besika Bay insured the tranquillity of Constantinople, and showed that the interests of England were not to be trifled with.

The district of Backergunge was ravaged by a cyclone, on the 7th, and a thousand native houses were destroyed. The town of Dowlutkhan was submerged by a wave, and 5000 persons are believed to have perished.

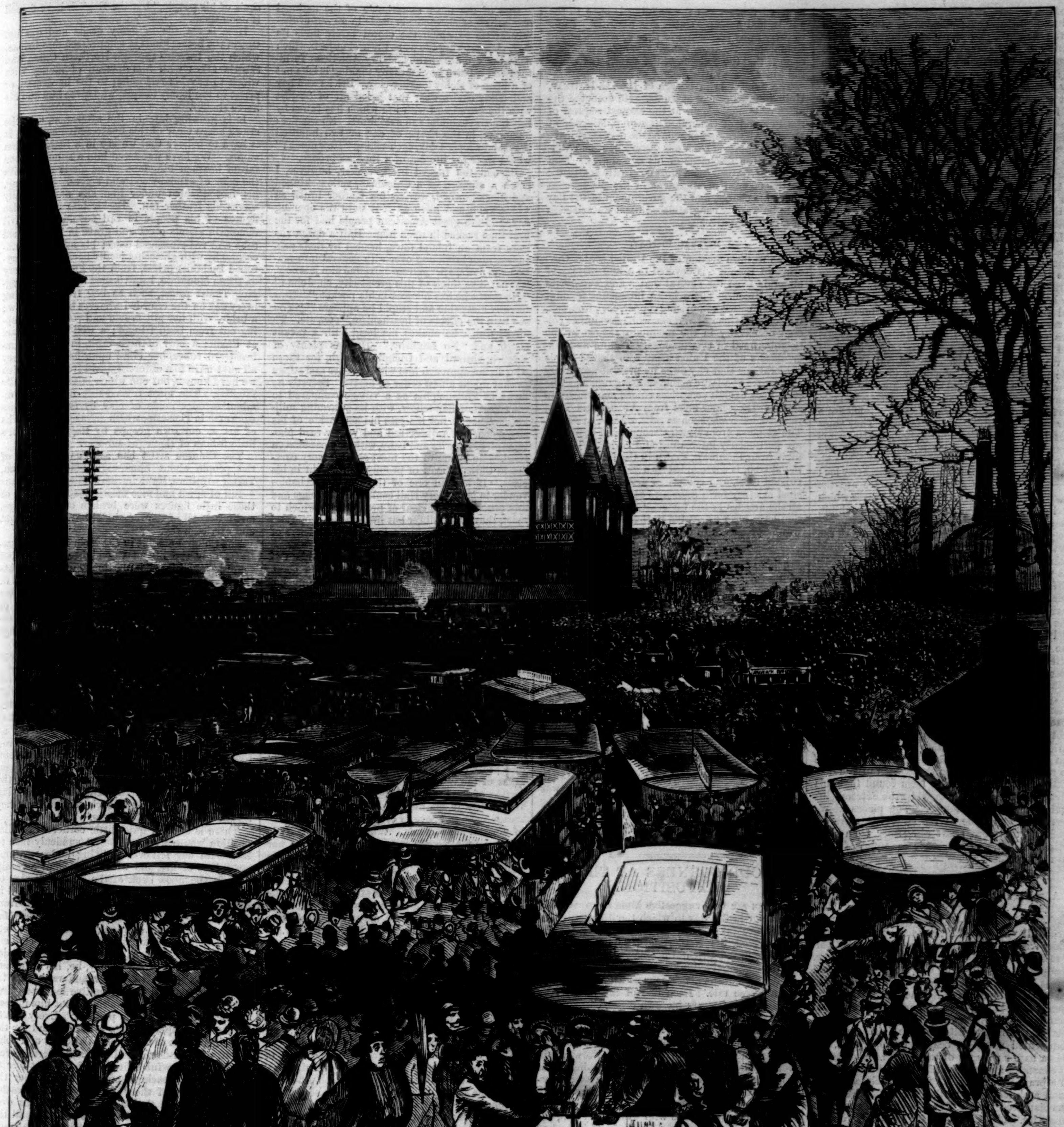
The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says the Khan of Khiva, in consequence of the complaints of his subjects, has offered to cede the remainder of his territory to the Russian government. It is not known whether his offer has been accepted or not.

It is said the African explorer, Gordon, intends to continue his explorations, in consequence of having discovered a branch of the White Nile, which may possibly enable him to avoid the rapids which hitherto barred his progress, and open a water communication from Victoria Nyanza to Khartoum.

Cardinal Antonelli died at Rome, on the 6th, after an illness of but twenty-four hours.



THE UNITED STATES STEAM-SHIP "OSSIPEE" IN A CYCLONE.—Drawn by Granville Perkins.—[See Page 951.]



THE CENTENNIAL—THE EVENING RUSH FOR THE CARS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE CENTENNIAL.

JAPANESE PORCELAIN.

THE group of Owari porcelain given in our illustration on page 953 forms one of the most distinctive features to be found in the comprehensive ceramic display made by Japan. Its most prominent characteristic is the prevailing color of rich deep blue sometimes used for the ground color, with white ornamentation, and at others for decorating a ground of pure white. It is also occasionally met with in softer, paler tints.

This porcelain is made at Seto, a small town near Nagoya, the provincial capital of Owari. Historically, Owari is associated with the earliest works of the ceramic artists of Japan. Like many other countries, Japan has its legendary inventor of pottery in the person of a certain OOSEI-TSUMI, and it was long after his day before the subjects of the Emperor SAIMIR received, in the sixth century, their first lessons from Corea in the making of tiles and bricks. Six hundred years later, or in the first quarter of the thirteenth century of our era, an ambitious native visited China, and on returning to his native land profited by his excursion among the Celestials by inaugurating the manufacture of stone-ware at Seto, in the province of which we speak. The making of real porcelain was not brought from China until near the close of the sixteenth century, and centred in Hizen, whence comes the ware known as Arita, Imari, or Hizen. From that centre the manufacture spread to Kiyoto, Kaga, and Mino, and ultimately supplanted that of stone-ware at Owari, from which come, as we have seen, the specimens given in our illustration.

Owari is now regarded as, after Hizen, one of the most important seats of Japanese ceramic art. A large quantity of its white ware is sent to Jeddo, to be painted by artists resident there. The exhibit, taken as a whole, illustrates the difficulty, elsewhere experienced, of estimating an entire collection of goods of the same general character. The merit of individual pieces is very apt to be overlooked in the monotonous effect produced by the whole. We miss the artful aid of combination and contrast. In front of the Owari exhibit one wearies of the repetition of blue and white, and longs for a few pieces of gold and crimson Kaga-ware, or buff-colored Satsuma, or the egg pottery of Awata, or the brown of Banko-yaki. They would certainly help to bring out the real beauties of the porcelain of Owari.

The artists of Owari furnish us with many distinctive designs and good shapes. The screens are peculiar and curious. That upon the left has a deep blue ground, with leaves and legend in white. For the heavy-looking vessels of blue, with turnips for feet, we have little admiration to acknowledge, but many of the small vases are very artistic in both form and color. In one the ornamentation is green and bronze, and the ground three shades of blue, the base flowered upon a deep tint, the body lighter, and the neck of a purplish tinge. Another is of the prevailing color, with raised floral decoration and animal forms, such as a rabbit. A vase of a different character is pale brown with white ornamentation. The plaques have, with one exception (to be seen on the floor of the platform in our illustration), blue designs upon a white ground. Of these, one very curiously displays a ceramic medley of monkeys in all attitudes and positions. A style of ornament to be met with in other materials in the Japanese section is to be seen in the case of the barrel placed upon the stand, and having a tolerably well shaped rooster on the top. The collection, as a whole, is creditable and unique.

HAVILAND'S FAIENCE AND PORCELAIN.

In the exhibit of the faience or glazed earthenware and porcelain of Limoges made by HAVILAND & Co. are to be found the most striking productions of the present ceramic artists of France. To them we owe the inimitable Henri Deux ware, or Faience d'Oiron, the wonderful works of PALISSY, and the porcelain of Sèvres. The artists of Limoges are in full harmony with the traditions of their country.

The manufacture of faience was instituted at Limoges about one hundred and forty years ago, but does not appear to have been carried on with very great success. About thirty years later the making of porcelain was introduced, and for some time the manufactory of Limoges was a branch of the royal works at Sèvres. Subsequently it was disposed of by the government, and since that date Limoges has been chiefly known to the commercial world as an important centre of the porcelain industry. Its productions have been introduced into this country and made widely known by the enterprise of the manufacturers. More recently their attention was fortunately turned to faience, and upon their works in that kind of ware the future reputation of Limoges will unquestionably stand.

It may be premised that the process by which the faience vases are produced is entirely new. The great difficulty formerly attending the decoration of earthenware—that of estimating the effect of the action of the fire upon the colors—has been successfully overcome. Not only is the result of the final firing anticipated with certainty, but the distinguishing styles of different artists are preserved as faithfully and minutely as if the paintings were executed upon canvas. With all the originality of Palissy the artists of Limoges combine the great potter's readiness to accept the suggestions of nature. Their creations are, however, of a totally different order. One vase is simply decorated with a flower spray in relief admirably colored, and has coiled snakes for handles. Another has a similar floral wreath, and on the flowers at either side are butterflies. A very beautiful and unique pair shows the figures of Phœbus and Luna, beautifully modeled and left in unglazed relief. On others are dogs in various attitudes, realistic and full of action. One presents us with a chubby Cupid, his bow drawn full to the shoulder, and another with a woman throwing food to poultry. In the last two the flesh-tint is specially remarkable. Such are a few out of a multitude of examples. They show that the French artists, among whom are Bracquemond, Chaplet, Delaplanche, Lindencher, and Lafon, have entered upon a course which has already led to great results, and must hereafter lead to greater. Of the same kind of ware are the massive, vigorously treated memorial vases which lend a Centennial character to the entire exhibit. They are respectively intended to commemorate the gaining of independence and the close of the first century of its enjoyment by the United States. No more appropriate records of the present year could be placed in Memorial Hall.

Haviland's porcelain is too well known to require extended notice. He has, however, some beautifully painted vases of very graceful form. The ornamentation of his table sets is characterized by great chasteness. Pallandre decorated one set and Bracquemond another; and by the latter artist are twelve plates, with pictures of "Morning," "Night," "A Thunder-Storm," etc., painted with great delicacy and originality.

The examples of *pâte tendre* are exceptionally interesting, and many of them are very attractive. A toilet set and a Psyche in turquois blue represent an achievement in color which has for centuries occupied the attention of artists. By reason of the exquisite softness of tints attainable on *pâte tendre* it is eminently adapted to fine decoration, but it has hitherto been found that this advantage is counterbalanced by the extreme difficulty of its manufacture. The pieces above mentioned and some of the large vases are interesting, therefore, apart altogether from their artistic beauty, as remarkable examples of skillful manipulation.

THE TUNISIAN COURT.

A small but attractive exhibit in the Main Building is that of the regency of Tunis. His Highness Mohammed-es-Sadok, the Bey of Tunis, is the principal exhibitor, and has contributed liberally from his purse and the contents of his palaces to make his department an interesting one. The pavilion is built in the Moorish style, and might be readily taken for the entranceway to one of the old palaces of Northern Africa, so completely does it represent the architecture of that country. The Saracenic arch is shown in its perfection, and many visitors to the Exhibition have commented upon its beautiful proportions. It was a happy thought of the Bey's representative to construct a pavilion which should demonstrate in a practical way some of the principles of Oriental architecture. In this single feature Tunis has distanced Turkey, Egypt, and other Levantine countries, and her efforts have been rewarded by the interest which has been shown in her work.

The Tunisian exhibit includes a great many articles of native manufacture. There is a fine collection of arms, some of them quite ancient, and by no means easy to handle. Many of the weapons are richly mounted and inlaid with gold, silver, turquois, mother-of-pearl, and other costly materials, and were evidently designed for show rather than for use. They include pistols, rifles, muskets, and swords, the latter having those remarkable curves which have been the peculiarity of the Oriental sabre from the days of Haroun-al-Raschid to the present. The collection of arms is quite extensive, and was intended to illustrate the great skill of Tunisian gunsmiths in this particular kind of work. It would be no easy matter to find an American shop where such highly and elaborately finished guns could be made.

Close by the exhibit of arms there is a case of Tunisian silks, some of which are in patterns familiar to our eyes, but the great majority are strangers to us. All these silks are woven on hand-looms of the most primitive character, and the stranger who visits Tunis often wonders how the machines which appear so simple can turn out such excellent work. Then there are cases filled with rich embroidery of different kinds, silver and gold work in considerable variety, Oriental jewelry, soap, shoes, and many other things which would make in the aggregate a tedious catalogue.

In a frame at the right of the pavilion, and protected from canes and umbrellas by a wire screen, is the famous "mosaic lion" from the ruins of Carthage. It formed a part of the floor of the Temple of Diana, and is supposed to be about two thousand years old. It represents a lion seizing his prey, and is altogether an excellent piece of work. Crowds may be seen around it at all times when the building is open to the public, and numerous attempts have been made to carry away fragments of it as souvenirs of the Exhibition. So many vandal attempts were made upon it that the erection of the screen was essential to its preservation.

The exhibit is in charge of Hon. G. H. Heap, United States consul at Tunis. He accepted the office of Commissioner at the earnest request of the Bey and of General Kheradine, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and as soon as the necessary leave could be obtained from our government he entered upon the discharge of his new duties. That he has performed them most efficiently is attested by the tasteful arrangement of the department under his charge, and the government of the Bey is to be warmly congratulated upon its selection of a representative.

MINERAL DISPLAY.

The western section of the United States Government Building is devoted to a fine display of minerals from the several States and Territories of the Union. There is an interesting exhibit from Tennessee, comprising copper, coal, iron, etc., collected by General Wilder while serving as colonel of cavalry in the mountain ranges in the neighborhood of Chattanooga. To him and other officers of the Union army who shared in his explorations that city owes its present prosperity as a centre of a large manufacturing region. The New York exhibit comprises chiefly manufactured articles—Bessemer steel from Albany and Troy, railroad materials, such as rails, wheels, axles, etc. The displays from South Carolina and California are particularly interesting and varied. The exhibit from Pittsburg, shown in the foreground of the sketch, is surrounded by a graceful railing of twisted steel, and comprises articles of iron and steel in every form known to commerce. Nearly all the articles in the various exhibits in this section have been presented to the government, and will be preserved in the museum at Washington.

AMERICAN CARPET DISPLAY.

The upper engraving on page 957 gives a view of the carpet alcoves in the American section of the Main Building. The display comprised exhibits from all the leading manufacturers in the United States, ranged in separate alcoves, as shown in the sketch. It had marked attraction for lady visitors, and was exceedingly creditable to this branch of American industry.

IN THE AMERICAN SECTION.

The engraving on page 956 presents an exceedingly attractive portion of the American section in the Main Building. One of the principal objects is the Cologne fountain, which is constantly surrounded by visitors eager to catch on their handkerchiefs a few drops of the fragrant jets that shed a pleasant perfume on the air. The group in the foreground, on the right, are watching the process of making gold-leaf, which was there exhibited in all its stages. The trees on the right are artificial imitations of natural growths, so well formed as to deceive the eye, except upon very close inspection.

ODD CORNERS AT THE EXPOSITION.

There are very suggestive hints as to national character in the way in which the different countries have taken their place in the Exposition. Switzerland, the Netherlands, the Scandinavian and one or two Oriental peoples, evidently regard an international exhibition as something like that rendezvous of the king's sons which usually winds up a Norse tale. Each one of the family tells his own story, wears his own dress, comes laden with the spoils he has won; we know all about his wife and children, the house they live in, how they eat and sleep. Any body who thoroughly studies the exhibits of Sweden or Norway will not only be sure that he knows something about its manufactures, but its people. They have showed him the cup in which their ancestors drank skäl to New-Year's, now centuries old; have opened out for him the nets with which they fish, the beds on which they lie. He feels as if he had gone in and out among them, had seen the bride in her gilt crown, the dead baby in its coffin.

France, Spain, and Germany, on the contrary, regard the Exhibition only as a great shop in which they are traders offering their wares. England, to a favored few, gives a glimpse of an English house and fireside, characteristic in her chary hospitality. The exhibits of her colonies, however, are set forth with evident effort at pictorial meaning. Migration to warmer skies seems to have given to John Bull a keener eye for scenic effect, and more willingness to pose in the eyes of his curious American cousin. The more savage settlements, especially, appear with much picturesque effect. It is very hard to believe ourselves in sober, decorous Philadelphia when surrounded by the trees, birds, and flowers of New Zealand forests. Here are, too, photographs of Maori chiefs; their weapons, and coats of green and red feathers, hang against the wall. On one side are the gold mines, on the other the vapor from the geysers rising to the sky, while below stretch the barren wastes of gray silica; above our heads towers the headless skeleton of the Dinornis, extinct for centuries—the veritable roc which Sindbad knew. Certain magic powers, as we remember, come to him who finds its gigantic egg hidden among the rocks. Here is the egg in our fingers. From under the shadow of this bird of ancient renown we cross to the dusky little inclosure of the Cape of Good Hope, walled in by lions' skins and elephants' tusks. Here, too, we are met by hints of a savage magic, and finger the leopard-skin robes of an old wizard, and his divining necklace of dead men's bones, and hear the story of how, when his incantations for the first time failed him in the presence of the invading whites, he stabbed himself to the heart and fell dead at their feet.

One of the most remarkable of the national revelations of character is made in an out-of-the-way house to which the crowd rarely finds its way. On entering the door, the first objects which meet the eye are shabby, showy American furniture and a blasé boy eternally making bricks out of a heap of sickly looking clay. Bricks and boy and dusty chairs wear that jaded air of disgust with the crowd and with life which has fallen by this time on exhibits and exhibitors. No wonder: humanity, in the shape of one or two hundred thousand people a day, each asking "How much?" would wear the life out of a Russian bronze.

Beyond the fagged brick-maker, however, I catch a glimpse of a Chinaman, yellow-skinned and black-gowned, waving his feather brush as wide-awake and alive as if it were the opening day, and the great American people had for the first time rushed in upon him. Half a dozen visitors from an inland town, headed by their pastor—a man brimming over with general information and newspaper jokes—surround him just now. "What d'ye think of this gre-at city, eh, John?" "No doubt he has his joss in his pocket;" "How terribly incapable and stupid he appears!" "You see here the effects of heathenism," etc., etc. To all of which he shakes his head with a vacant laugh, and "No Englishy." He has plenty of English, shrewd and friendly enough, for those who do not approach him with punches and stings as they might a new order of beetle. Secretly he looks at Philadelphia as a village compared to the streets of Fou-tchow, with its swarming millions. That is not his joss hidden inside of his silk gown, but a queer red and yellow card photograph of his wife and baby, with its close-shaven head. He is one of the most skillful ivory carvers in China, a man of probity and weight in his class. If he and one of the master-mechanics yonder in Machinery Hall could find language and any possible space clear of prejudice on which to meet, they would differ but little in the scope and culture of their intellects, in their experience of men, or their treatment of women.

You may find in this house plenty of hints of the social and domestic condition of his class. They will require careful study to comprehend, but are worth it. American churches give money like water to affect the minds and lives of these people. Surely it is worth while to try and gain some real insight into their minds and lives, to know how to touch them.

We have specimens here of all their manufactures and industries not represented in the Main Building. Here is the house in which our black-gowned friend has left his wife and baby. The mats and chairs on which they sit are of bamboo, roughly but strongly made; there is no sham work in the cheapest manufacture of this people. This rattan peddler's basket, worth ten cents at Amoy, is as honestly made as the inlaid ebony and pearl bed for opium smokers yonder in the office of the Commissioners. Here is also a collection of the braziers, pots, and pans which our friend uses in his kitchen, only equaled in their meagreness and poverty of invention by his array of musical instruments. What mental quality is lacking to a people who can neither sing nor cook? Here are the stuffs in which he and his wife dress—grass-cloth, silk, shoes from hemp to velvet, bangles of brass and jeweled gold; the opium pipe which he smokes after dinner and the finer one which he offers to his guest. Here is the baby's coral necklace and the gold sheaths in which his wife protects her long nails. In another division are brilliantly dyed cloths, woven by the savage Formosan women, the bows and arrows of the men. Our Chinese friend nods compassionately, and talks of these wild people precisely as the country clergyman does of him. Yet here I turn over a wadded silk chest-protector worn by some Formosan with weak lungs. Do we all cough, then, of the same fashion?

The clergyman and his party are finding a plenty of subjects for jokes in the betrayal of heathenish ignorance on every side—in the matter of medicines, for example, of which Ah-Ching has made a careful display. Here is a seed which he chews "to increase knowledge," and another "before going into battle to keep off bullets." Decoctions of fossil crabs, armadillo scales, caterpillars and roses, centipedes, maggots, and dried parts of the human body are useful in various ailments; jelly of tigers' bones will cure rheumatism; its skull, hydrophobia; salted scorpions will scatter small-pox; a peculiar ginseng root is reckoned so certain to prolong life that it sells in Canton at $7000 for one pound and one-third. All these superstitions give much amusement to the Christian visitors, who quite forget that one of them cherishes a mad-stone as his most precious heir-loom, and that another lost a day at the Exposition rather than travel on a Friday.

They go out presently, and take with them from us all sense of the heathenism of Ah-Ching, who straightway becomes a long-lost—cousin, let us say, hospitably welcoming us to his house and home. He lacks the actual strawberry mark, to be sure; but there are plenty of other proofs of the kinship, and we go about zealously finding them out. Why should we feel an incessant grudge and pity against the man because he was not born with our religion? He did not choose where he should be born, poor fellow, so let us see what he has made of himself without it.

He shows us a knife used for decapitating criminals at Amoy, which reminds us of our own gallows, and a pavilion carried at funerals, into which the soul of the dead is supposed to enter; and that suggests a certain walnut cabinet in the corner of a dark parlor which I have seen, and American poets and scientists sitting in front waiting for the materialized spirit of a pirate dead three hundred years to step out. Ah-Ching's relationship becomes uncomfortably near.

Here is opium, he tells us, in all stages of its manufacture, adding that his emperor has forbidden its importation, as it "was ruin to the souls of his people," but the English have forced it upon them.

Here is tea, too, of every grade and quality. One of the better kinds is compressed into bricks, which the traveler through Northern China and Siberia takes with him instead of money with which to pay his reckoning to the herdsman, or priest in the lonely temple, who gives him and his horse shelter.

It is growing late in the afternoon, and the crowd keeps clear of this unattractive corner. It is hard to believe that we are in a little wooden annex. We have wandered into a suburb of the far-off heathen kingdom. The air is filled with the odor of sandal-wood and spices. Ah-Ching, his feet doubled under him, sits and drowsily waves his feather fan. Beside him are life-size figures of his people in full costume. A civil mandarin stands erect and grave in fur-trimmed robe and red-plumaged cape; his military brother goes by with glittering jasper necklace; a gray-robed Buddhist priest, from the great monastery on Drum Mountain, lean-visaged and sour; a begging Tauist priest, such as beg from Ah-Ching every day on the crowded wharves of Fou-tchow; a bride, with her gilt crown and rosy face, peeping out from bead fringes; a well-known dwarf at Pekin; a lady of high rank, in her gold-embroidered robes, her child upon her knee—they all shut us in to a different world from that which we have known, but one which is somehow oddly familiar. The most remarkable figures are diminutive ones made of clay by some nameless workman in Tien-tsin, which are as genuine works of art as our own groups by Rogers, or Blot's little fishers of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The Chinese artist has sent us likenesses of the people about him—high officials, women, Tartar wrestlers, Mantchurian soldiers, Formosans—full of spirit and nice discrimination. Many of these little figures were broken on the voyage, and nearly all of the remainder have been bought and carried away.

The Chinese exhibit in the Main Building illustrates only the life of the higher classes; but there is much in this apartment which suggests the frightful poverty of the teeming millions of the interior—a poverty so extreme as to almost justify the frequent infanticide on the score of humanity. An American who has lived for twenty years with Ah-Ching and his people has strange stories to tell of the effects of this poverty.

"After a failure in the rice crop, I have seen Hong-Kong literally besieged by starving thousands. Fathers would offer their children for sale for one dollar, their need was so great. Yet, when traveling among these people, I have found them invariably honest and gentle. When they have rendered me a chance service—acted as guides or given me a meal—and I have offered them money, they refused it. And the reason given was always the same, 'Confucius bade them help their fellow-men.' It is so seldom that the chance comes in their wretched lives of giving any thing away, even an hour's service, that they seize on it with real eagerness."

There is another quiet little corner of the Exposition where we are brought suddenly face to face with our fellow-men living under extreme conditions of life, and with as pleasant a result. This is the nook back of the Danish display of pottery, where we find ourselves in Greenland in company with an Esquimau in his kyack. Here are all his fishing apparatus, his weapons for hunting the walrus and seal, his rude stone pots for cooking, his poor finery of beaded clothes; and here is his hut, banked in with moss under the snow—airless and greasy, he, his wife, and children asleep in the straw and rank furs together. The most unimaginative looker-on sees Greenland's icy mountains rise about him instead of the gray walls of the pavilion. Every reader of the newspapers makes a background for the Esquimaux hut of the solemn darkness of a polar night, of eider-ducks and crows chattering overhead, of the awful solitudes of the vast *mer de glace*, of the bleached bones of Franklin, or the starving crew of the *Polaris* upon their ice-floe floating through the darkness for months over arctic seas. But it all will not do. Not all the romance of polar travel will make the Esquimaux less greasy or dirty. One can overlook every human vice but a lack of water and fresh air.

Two Danes who are looking in at the hut with me have different notions about the matter. They know curious old legends of the lost tribe who disappeared centuries ago from the western coast of the *mer de glace* into its dreadful solitudes, and returned no more, and of how the Esquimaux believe that they are living still, happy and prosperous, on the shores of the yet undiscovered open sea near the pole. They tell me, too, the story of the old Norwegian, Hans Egede, who, with his wife and son Povel, set out for Greenland to convert the natives to the knowledge of the true God, living there alone for half a century, founding the long line of faithful men of God who have left home and friends, taken their lives in their hands, and gone down to these solitudes of night and silence and cold to help their fellow-men, whom we find too unsavory to bear near us for a minute. They had pathetic stories of the loyalty of these natives to their teachers—of how, when Hans Egede went home to die, they watched for him on the beach day after day, year after year. They showed me a curious book written by one of these men (who followed his teacher to Europe) on his return, and illustrated by himself, with descriptions of all that he had seen, from the royal family to a prison at Copenhagen. But through all, the Esquimaux and their Danish teacher were the pivot on which the whole earth turned. When a joke was made at Greenland, all the world laughed.

After all, what does it matter—Esquimaux hut or the palaces of the Exposition, with their treasures of science and art? The man and his friend are the same every where.

Rebecca Harding Davis.

THE "OSSIPEE" IN A CYCLONE.

ON page 948 will be found a spirited representation of the United States steamer *Ossipee* in one of the most violent cyclones that ever visited our coasts. The *Ossipee* sailed from Hampton Roads, Virginia, on the 14th ult., bound for New Orleans. She experienced fine weather until the 18th, when a heavy storm set in, and gradually increased in violence. By nine o'clock on the morning of the 20th, says the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "the storm had reached its fiercest force and fury. The barometer was down to 28.82, and the noise of the rushing wind was so great that it was impossible to hear the human voice unless the mouth of the speaker was placed close to the ear of the hearer. Sight was equally impossible, except to leeward, for the air was loaded with small globules of sea-water, which struck the face and eyes and any exposed part with the fierceness and sting of a myriad bees. The men in getting about the decks to attend to their duties were thrown violently from their feet, and, blinded by the salt spray, were obliged to go groping about as if they were in total darkness. They could only stick to their stations by the most desperate struggling against the hatches, gratings, doors, deck buckets, and many other articles that were being swept back and forth across the decks by the rushing of the water as the ship rolled and tossed. Breathing was difficult, and the air taken into the lungs was so loaded with sea salts that it caused excessive irritation, producing coughing and vomiting."

A brief period of comparative quietude succeeded, but before long it was evident that the good ship had passed through one hemisphere of a cyclone, and was just entering its vortex or centre. "For the space of two hours and forty-two minutes," says the correspondent, "the storm was more fearful than in the morning, and in ten minutes the wind had completely flattened out the 'riding seas,' and was exerting such a heavy pressure upon the 'rollers' that they could do but little mischief. The voice of the wind was pitched in a most fearful key—I might say in several fearful keys, no two of which were in harmony—like that of a thousand women shrieking in the terrors of a nightmare, combined with a metallic cracking vibration like the highest notes of a calliope and steam fog-whistle. The sufferings of the sailors were repeated and intensified, as was the moral effect upon every body else. The sheets and storm stay-sails were carried away, with a report like that of a cannon, almost as soon as they were set. The ship was held down to leeward and pressed into the water by the force of the wind. The seas made clean sweeps over both bulwarks. The fires were extinguished in the lee furnaces. The fore and main top-gallant-masts were snapped off like clay pipe stems, and all sorts of *débris* were thrashing about the deck. At twenty minutes past one the barometer commenced to rise steadily, though very slowly, and at two o'clock the fiercest of the wind began to come in gusts, with intervals of lesser violence, which intervals became longer and longer till three o'clock, from which time till midnight it gradually eased off to a steady blow from the northwest."

Good seamanship saved the *Ossipee*, but great damage was done; and when the storm had subsided, the ship presented a very dilapidated appearance, and the captain put into Key West for repairs.

SENSATIONAL GYMNASTICS.

TIGHT-ROPE walking is one of those achievements in which the slightest mishap of footstep, the slightest failure of nerve, brings the gymnast to grief. The famous Blondin eclipses all other exhibitors in this line. The baskets on his feet, the blindfolded eyes, the wheelbarrow trundled before him, the chair, the table set out with refreshments, all balanced on a stretched horizontal rope—these are marvels indeed. It shows what a morbid state of feeling, however, is engendered by this exhibition, when Blondin pretends to miss his foot-hold once now and then, and regains it after quivering movements of the body and limbs, in order to send a thrill of terror through the spectators. The veteran may possibly be so completely void of bodily fear and nervous trepidation as to be nearly as safe on the rope as on the ground, and may die a quiet natural death when his course is run. But his example has not been without evil effect. There have been and still are "English Blondins," "Female Blondins," and "Juvenile Blondins," who imitate some of the perilous exploits as a means of earning a livelihood; many and many a limb has been shattered or neck broken in consequence. In the days of our fathers, or perhaps grandfathers, one Madame Saqui obtained great notoriety for her achievements on the tight-rope; if we remember rightly, her career was cut short by a frightful accident.

The slack-rope has its heroes and heroines as well as the tight-rope—and its victims also. Why the performer does not fall off while sitting on the rope in full swing, with arms folded, and no hold or grasp by the hand, is a mystery and marvel to many of the audience; and the greater the marvel, the greater the attractiveness, according to the logic of showmen and exhibitors. The fact is that the performer is familiar with a law of dynamics without knowing or caring about its scientific meaning—a law which tells him that he must incline his body backward during the onward swing of the rope, and forward during its reverse swing. A wonderful exhibitor appeared in England many years ago, an Italian or Spaniard who chose to assume the professional title of "Il Diavolo Antonio." His slack-rope swinging was daring beyond precedent, and he had few followers who could equal him. The pendulum movement of his body during the full swing of the rope was in a curve of very wide sweep. While sitting on the rope in sweeping oscillation, he would tie his right ankle to it with a piece of cord half a yard or so in length; then, when at the utmost extremity of his onward course, he would fling himself from the rope, and hang head downward, attached to the rope by one ankle only; assuming very nearly the traditional attitude of "Fame blowing the trumpet," he played on a horn or bugle, accompanying the orchestra in the "overture to *Lodoiska*," with his head farther from the rope than any part of his body and limbs, and consequently swinging in a greater arc than even the rope itself. What applause! What a thrill of excitement! What a fascinating horror at the supposition of the cord breaking or the ankle-fastening becoming loose! But look a little behind the scenes. Many a coroner's inquest has recorded the dismal end of some or other of these poor rope-swingers, poor mangled creatures who have died in giving "pleasure" to others.

Circus-riding, when kept within moderate limits, is often very elegant. It illustrates two scientific principles that are ever operative in such exhibitions. One is that the horse and his rider must both incline the body toward the centre of the ring, else the centrifugal force of the circular motion would soon bring them to trouble, pitching one or both at a tangent over among the spectators, and the higher the speed, the greater must be the angle of this inclination. The other is that the rider, standing on the horse, may leap up and down in various ways, and may jump over bars and shawls, or through hoops or casks, and yet alight upon the horse again although in a gallop. This is because the rider partakes of the onward motion of the horse, and is really moving on when he seems to be only jumping up. But oh! the falls, bruises, and disasters that have to be encountered before the smiling, berouged, tinseled performers are fitted to make their bow or courtesy to the public! An "Ella," or an "Elise," or an "Angelique" has to pass through a wearisome, long-continued, prosaic discipline before she can appear as a fascinating *equestrienne*, jumping through hoops of fire, or dancing in a *pas de deux* with a male performer on two horses. How many broken limbs occur during the apprenticeship the public never know; the "profession" does not talk of those things; but Mr. Frost, who has written some singularly curious books about showmen, circus-riders, and other public performers, has much to tell concerning the ordeal which such persons have to undergo—the fractures, the bruises, the heart-aches, the poverty, the disappointments, too often ending in untimely death.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER, 1876.

Sunday, 26.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday, 3.—First Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 10.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday, 17.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Thursday, 21.—St. Thomas.
Sunday, 24.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Monday, 25.—Christmas.
Tuesday, 26.—St. Stephen.
Wednesday, 27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Thursday, 28.—Holy Innocents.
Sunday, 31.—First Sunday after Christmas.

BY the death of Cardinal GIACOMO ANTONELLI, which took place in Rome, November 6, the Pope loses the staff on which he has for years leaned. The famous cardinal had long been in ill health, and his decease was not, therefore, unexpected. He was born at Sonnino, near Terracina, April 2, 1806. His ability in civil administration brought him rapidly into notice, and by the year 1845 he had reached, under Pope GREGORY XVI., the post of Minister of Finance. Soon after the accession of PIUS IX., in 1846, ANTONELLI was made cardinal, and in 1848, Minister of State. He co-operated with the Pope at this time in carrying forward liberal measures which had the twofold object of removing inveterate abuses and the confederation of the states of Italy. The world was astonished by the spectacle of a reforming Pope; and THOMAS CARLYLE said, sarcastically, that such a Pope would soon reform himself off his throne. PIUS IX. could not hold his people to his position of moderate liberalism. In 1848 revolution broke out all over Europe, the Pope became a prisoner in his palace, and finally fled to Gaeta, in the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. He was restored to Rome by the French forces in the spring of 1850, and from this time the influence of ANTONELLI in his councils became supreme. Thoroughly cured of its partiality for liberalism, the Pope's government became reactionary. Sustained by French power during the long period from 1850 to 1870, the papacy proceeded step by step in its hostility to modern civilization, until in the famous Syllabus it announced itself as the foe of the modern world. Since 1870 ANTONELLI has been the papal Secretary and Treasurer. He was credited with the possession of great wealth.

ANTONELLI was one of the growths of the mixed secular and spiritual organization of the Roman Catholic Church. Though a deacon and a cardinal, he was thoroughly a man of the world. He was a priest merely because the priesthood was, in the Papal States, the only road to high place and power. His life and that of PIUS IX. demonstrate the utter incompatibility between the aims of the priestly body and the modern state. ANTONELLI'S later policy was the only one that could be followed consistently with papal principles. For how could an institution which is the greatest abuse of modern society be itself a reformer of abuses? The drama in which this great cardinal acted so conspicuous a part is not yet complete; future years can alone reveal its conclusion.

The Methodists of the North and the South are cultivating fraternity in a very hearty fashion. At the recent session of the Tennessee Conference (Northern) in Nashville an exchange of pulpits between the Northern and Southern ministers took place. At Huntsville, Alabama, Southern ministers assisted in the ordination of candidates for orders belonging to the Northern Methodist Conference. The candidates were colored men. In this city the Rev. Dr. DUNCAN, of Virginia, occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's Methodist Church on Sunday, November 5, and on the following day visited and addressed the preachers' meeting. The morning was devoted to fraternal addresses, which were all in the very best possible spirit.

The fifth week of Mr. MOODY'S meetings in Chicago reveals no abatement of the great interest awakened in that city and the Northwest. The Chicago *Standard* says: "Last Sunday [November 5] was in some respects the most remarkable day yet. All the meetings were thronged, and alive with enthusiasm. The Tabernacle was filled in the evening half an hour before the time of service, and an overflow meeting was accordingly held at Farwell Hall, conducted by Mr. JACOBS, who was assisted by Mr. SANKEY. At the latter place, also, a special German service was held at three o'clock, with a very large attendance." Mr. MOODY has announced a Christian Convention of ministers and laymen to assemble in the Tabernacle November 22 and 23.

The tenth annual meeting of the Evangelical Educational Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held in Philadelphia October 26. The receipts of the society for the year past were $24,536; its expenditures, $19,987. Since its organization the society has received $327,290; a large portion of this sum, by request of the donors, has been given to theological schools or invested as permanent funds for the use of the society. With the remainder 356 students have been aided; 119 of these have been dropped, and 197 have been ordained. The Hon. FELIX R. BRUNOT was elected president for the ensuing year, and the Rev. ROBERT C. MATLACK treasurer.

Notwithstanding the prevalent political excitement, the great religious associations of the country, at their annual meetings recently held, have reported good results for the year. The American Missionary Association, whose anniversary occurred October 25–26, has received for the year $264,709, and expended $261,382. Seventy thousand pupils in the Southern States have in 1876 been taught in its schools, many of whose teachers were educated by the Association. During the year "Jubilee Hall," erected from the proceeds of the concerts given here and in England by the Jubilee Singers, was dedicated. Although this association devotes itself chiefly to the freedmen of the South, it has missions among the Chinese of the Pacific coast, the Indians, and in Africa. Dr. WHIPPLE, whose thirty years of useful service as secretary had made him a leader in the work of raising up the colored race, was appropriately remembered on the anniversary day by his surviving associates.

The debate upon the policy of giving pecuniary aid to students preparing for the Christian ministry is not likely to be one-sided. The friends of education boards and education societies are making an earnest defense. A college officer gives the following as the result of Yale's experience: "Beneficiaries graduated at Yale College from 1817 to 1846, inclusive, 249. Of these, 157 took such rank as to receive honors." In addition to this, the Michigan Presbyterian Synod argues that some system of aid is necessary in order to secure a full supply of ministers. Some of the facts set forth by the Synod are important aside from their bearing upon the beneficiary question. In 1830 the decennial rate of the increase of the Presbyterian ministry of our country was 100 per cent.; in 1840, 93 per cent.; in 1850, 18 per cent.; in 1860, 20 per cent.; in 1870, 17 per cent.; "while for the five years previous to the last, the increase of Presbyterian members has been 34 per cent." In 1810 the proportion of Presbyterian ministers to church members was 1 to 67; in 1875, 1 to 108. It may be suggested, however, that the supply of ministers is affected rather by the facts touching ministerial support than by aid rendered to candidates or withheld from them.

Among the unobtrusive Christian charities of this city is the mission to the inmates of the Tombs prison. It was formerly in the charge of the City Tract Society, but is now independent, but under the care of leading ministers and well-known laymen. During the year 1875 there were committed to the Tombs 38,404 persons, of whom over 22,000 were men, about 15,000 women, and 1000 boys. These prisoners are not as a rule from the class of habitual criminals, and are susceptible of good impressions. The missionary, the Rev. J. P. BETKER, finds them very willing to listen to religious teaching. Mr. GEORGE E. STERRY, 24 Cedar Street, is the treasurer of the mission.

The Methodist Episcopal Church Extension Society has been an important co-operator in the work of Methodist church building in the Southern States. From 1866 to 1875, inclusive, this society expended in the South, in donations, $225,022, in loans, $129,059, making a total of $354,081. Aid was given to 769 feeble churches. In these same States the Methodist Episcopal Church (Northern) has now 2814 church edifices, valued at $4,044,802, and 306,867 communicants.

The women's foreign missionary societies, affiliated with the larger missionary organizations, are growing in importance year by year. The Congregational Woman's Board for the Interior held its annual meeting November 1 in Chicago, and reported receipts to the amount of $23,640. It has now 512 auxiliaries, 113 of which have been added during 1876. Twenty-seven female missionaries and forty native Bible readers are now in its service. The semi-annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church was held October 26 in Pittsburg. This association of ladies has 702 auxiliaries. The receipts for the year were $20,227, and the disbursements $16,563.

While Japan invites the labors of Christian teachers, the anti-missionary feeling becomes more intense in some of the provinces of China. Last summer an outbreak of this feeling occurred at Yuen-hing-Chang, the capital of Se-chuen, which led to the perpetration of horrible barbarities. A crowd of several thousand armed men formed a circle around the market-place, and proceeded to seize all the Christians thus inclosed. They put together a large wooden cross, on which their captives were tied and then cut to pieces. Two days after, the mob went to another town and repeated their murders. A similar excitement recently broke out in the neighborhood of Shanghai. The missionaries were accused of practicing sorcery; their converts were seized, but fortunately were released by the authorities.

The Bishop of Ripon is very hopeful of the prospects of the English Church. He lays great stress on the fact—which can not be disputed—that never since the Reformation has it been so active as now. Between 1800 and 1872, 3203 new churches were erected, and 926 old churches taken down and rebuilt. In the year 1841 the number of the state clergy was 14,163; in 1871, 20,694. In the last fifteen years the sum of £200,000 has been given to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for the better endowment of poor benefices.

Contributions to the solution of the Indian question are offered very freely by the religious bodies of the country. Bishop WHIPPLE has already been quoted in this Intelligence, with due appreciation of his services to the country in the training and the civilizing of our aborigines. The Presbytery of Dakota, which met at Flandreau, Dakota Territory, September 16, has supervision of a native church, whose history is very remarkable. This church has 121 communicants, constituting, with their families, a community of 300 Santee Sioux, who have during the last eight years settled in the eastern part of the Territory. They formerly lived in Minnesota, and in 1862 joined in the war with the whites, and after the battle of Woodlake were imprisoned. They have become citizens of the United States, having relinquished all treaty claims against the government. Their preacher, who was ordained by the Presbytery, was an Indian, and the Moderator of the Presbytery was an Indian.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW prison chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, Sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Weel, I hae heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but I'll be hanged if ye find it such an easy maitter to do the same wi' this ane!"

An old lady from the rural districts astonished a clerk in one of the stores a few days ago by inquiring if he had any "yaller developments, sich as they did up letters in."

Spriggs's wife woke him up at three o'clock in the morning to say that she had decided, on the whole, to have a dark green suit and a green velvet bonnet this winter.

"Have you poached eggs?" inquired a customer of a colored restaurant-keeper in Mississippi. "Yes, Sah; all our eggs is poached—leastways de chickens dat laid um is," was the reply.

AFTER SO MUCH SELF-DENIAL!—When Lord B—— died, a person met an old man who was one of his most intimate friends. He was pale, confused, awe-stricken. Every one had been trying to console him, but in vain. "His loss," he exclaimed, "does not affect me so much as his horrible ingratitude. Would you believe it?—he died without leaving me any thing in his will—I who have dined with him, at his own house, three times a week for thirty years!"

"Mrs. Henry," said John to his wife, the other morning, "if you give me a Christmas present this year, please arrange it so that the b[illegible] won't come in till the next month. It's just as well to keep up the illusion for a short time."

A RHYMING PUZZLE.—A prize was once offered to the person who could find a rhyme to the word "window." The prize was awarded to the following effort;

"A cruel man a beetle caught,
And to the wall him pinned, oh!
Then said the beetle to the crowd,
'Though I'm *stuck up*, I am not proud;'
And his soul went out of the window."

HOPELESS CASE.—The full-grown young man who calls his mother his "maw" and his father his "paw."

A STOPPER.—She was an angel blonde, and tripped through the market until she reached a stall where a handsome butcher stood. "Have you a heart?" she said, blushing timidly. "Have I a heart, miss?" responded the butcher: "do you think that I can watch you day after day, and see your eyes droop as they meet mine—that I can feel your velvet breath upon my cheek as I stoop over to serve you—and not have a heart? Ah, maiden, I am all heart! And you ask me 'have I one!'" "Yes," she sighed, faintly, "that is beautiful, that is divine, but it ain't the kind I want this morning. So give me a bullock's heart, quick, and trim it for stuffing. My old man 'll be as mad as a March hare if his dinner ain't ready."

"Is it not time that you paid me that five dollars?" said a farmer to his neighbor. "'Tain't due," was the reply. "But," said the farmer, "you promised to pay when you got back from New York." "Well, I ain't been," was the reply.

HOW TO DEVELOP THE IMAGINATION—Get the delirium tremens.

The book-keeper who fell from a column of figures is still in a critical state.

A Western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, an editor who can please every body. Also, a foreman who can so arrange the paper as to allow every man's advertisement to head the column."

PRETENSE AND REALITY.

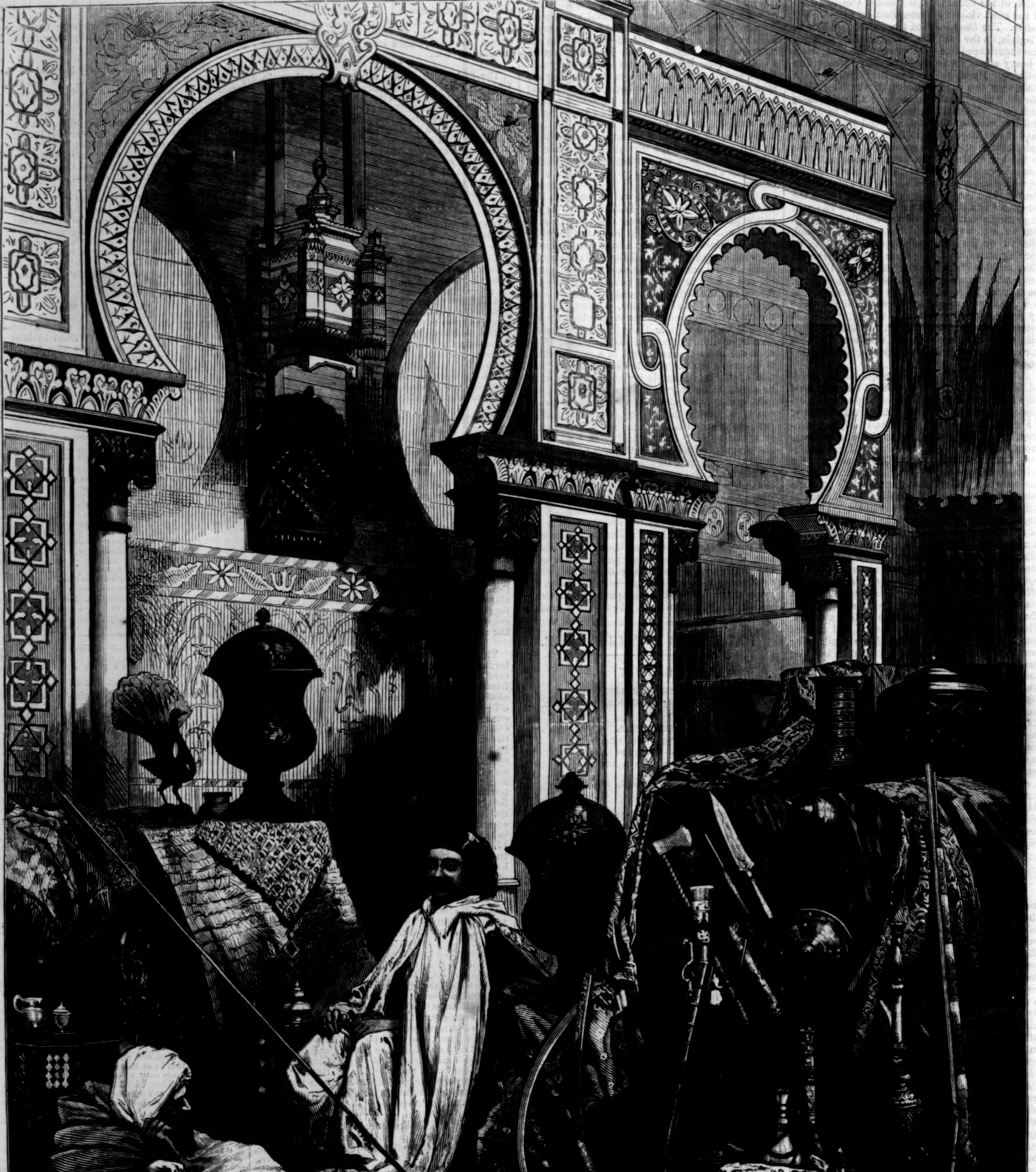
BEGGAR-WOMAN. "Please, Sir, give me a few pennies. I haven't tasted food for nigh on to two days."

PHILANTHROPIC GENTLEMAN. "Can't stop; am late now; have got to make a speech at the Society for the Relief of the Destitute!"

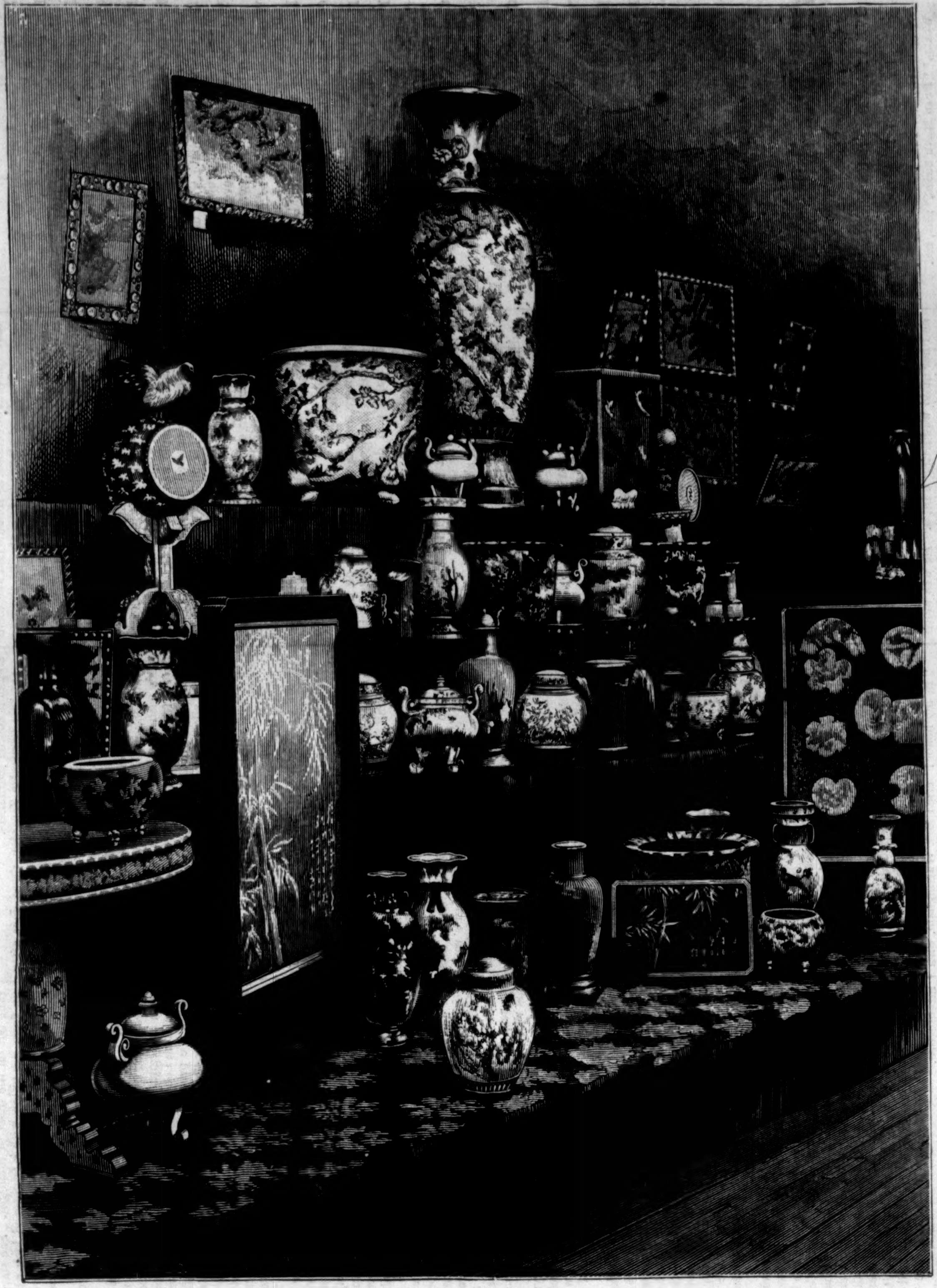
Two little boys were met after dark by a fellow who demanded their money. Said one of them, "I have no money." This might have been a sufficient answer. But the other made assurance doubly sure by adding, "And I haven't any pocket to put money in."

A person who was sent to prison for marrying two wives excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he had two they fought each other.

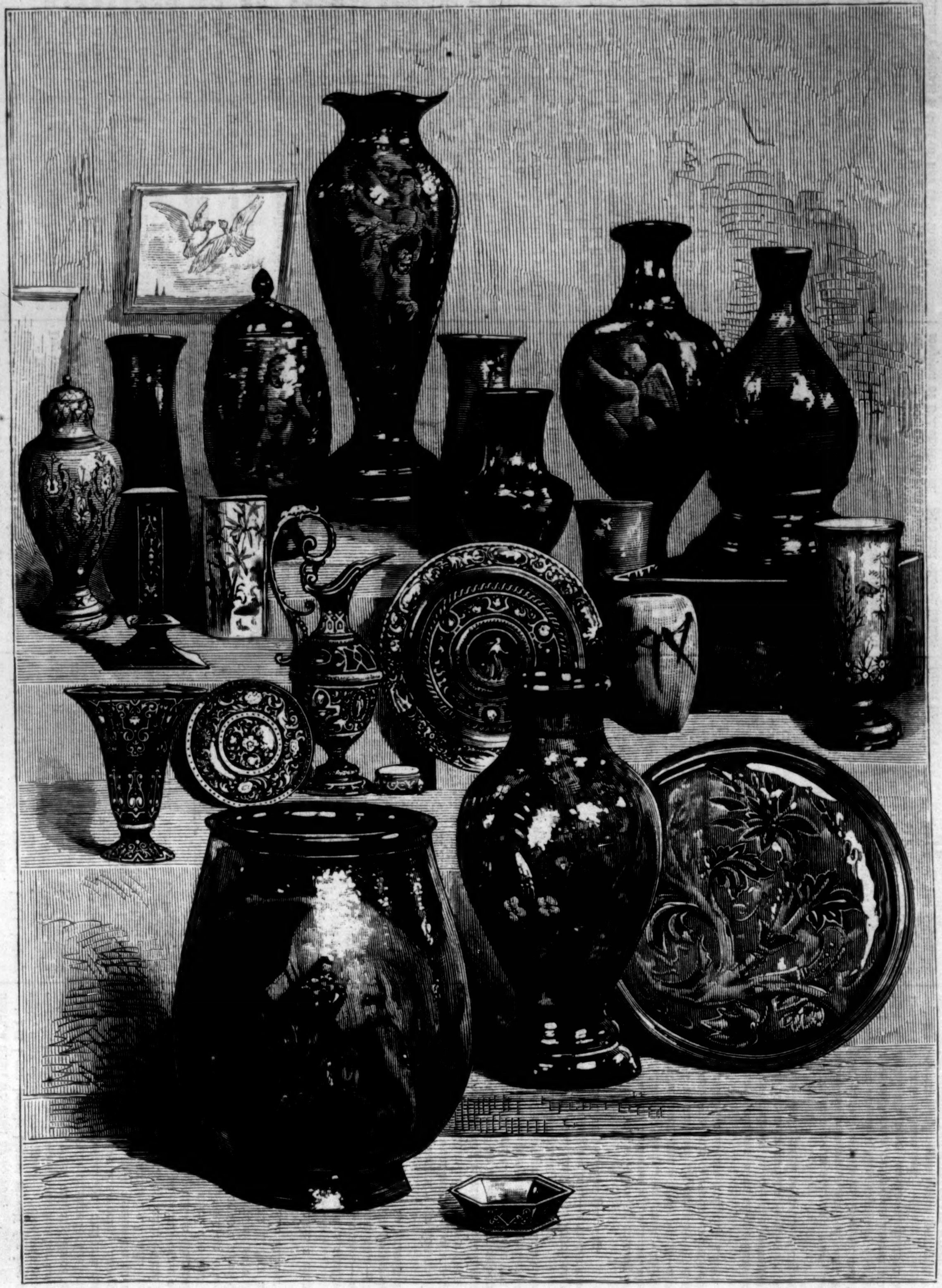
UNSATISFACTORY.—What an unsatisfactory world this is! It no sooner gets cool enough for a fellow to wear the same paper collar all day, than the women begin to talk about getting that parlor stove up.



THE CENTENNIAL—THE TUNISIAN COURT, MAIN BUILDING.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE CENTENNIAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 949.]



THE CENTENNIAL—JAPANESE POTTERY.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 949.]



THE CENTENNIAL—HAVILAND FAIENCE.—Photographed by the Centennial Photographic Company.—[See Page 949.]

THE LESSON.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

You that seek to sunder love,
Learn a lesson ere you go.
I, of course, should be above
Marriage with a man so low;
I should choose, or you for me—
Better you, perhaps, than I—
One of higher pedigree:
Beauty can not look too high.
Beauty such as mine, you say,
And the ancient name I bear;
Both are meanly thrown away,
And are going—Heaven knows where.
Dove should always mate with dove,
Wren with wren, and crow with crow.
You who seek to sunder love,
Learn a lesson ere you go.

What should woman look to find
In the man she is to wed—
Loving heart and earnest mind,
And the strength to earn his bread?
Or a rent-roll, bank account,
Owned—but let the owner pass;
If he has the right amount,
Lucky if he's only ass!
I would live a single life,
Rather than be bought with this:
When I give the kiss of wife,
It will be an honest kiss.
Challenged, I throw down the glove,
You may pick it up, or no.
You have sought to sunder love—
Learn a lesson ere you go.

Gentleman he might have been?
I think not, if you are one:
He could never so demean
Gentleness, as you have done.
He is better born than most,
In that he was good when born;
He is too well bred to boast,
And he laughs at all your scorn.
He has given me hand and heart—
How is it the ballad ran?
"He was man, Sir, at the start—
Love hath made him gentleman."
Marriages are made above—
Some, at least, for ours was so.
You have sought to sunder love:
You have learned your lesson—go!

Weavers and Weft;

OR,

"LOVE THAT HATH US IN HIS NET."

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "A STRANGE WORLD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. WALSINGHAM BREAKS FAITH.

CHRISTMAS, which, in a common way, brings life and bustle, and the gathering of many guests to good old country-houses, brought only gloom and solitude to Davenant. Mr. Sinclair's visitors had departed suddenly, at a single flight, like swallows before a storm in autumn. Mrs. Sinclair was very ill—seriously ill—mysteriously ill. Her dearest friends shook their heads and looked awful things when they talked of her. It was mental, they feared.

"Poor dear thing! This comes of Lord Clanyarde's greediness in getting rich husbands for all his daughters."

"The old man is a regular harpy," exclaimed Mrs. Millamount, with a charming indifference to detail.

And then these fashionable swallows skimmed away to fresh woods and pastures new—or rather fresh billiard-rooms and other afternoon teas, evening part songs, and morning rides in rustic English lanes, where there is beauty and fragrance even in midwinter.

Constance had been missing at afternoon tea on the day of Gilbert's sudden journey to London, but her absence in the cozy morning-room, where Mrs. Millamount amused the circle by the daring eccentricity of her discourse, was hardly a subject of wonder.

"She has one of her nervous headaches, no doubt, poor child," said Mrs. Millamount, taking possession of the tea-tray; "she is just the kind of woman to have nervous headaches."

"I'll give long odds you don't have them," said Sir Thomas Houndslow, who was lolling with his back against the mantel-piece to the endangerment of the porcelain that adorned it.

"Never had headache but once in my life, and that was when I came a cropper in the Quorn country," replied Mrs. Millamount, graciously.

Vapors have given way to feminine athletics, and there is nothing now so dowdy or unfashionable as bad health.

When the dressing-bell rang and Mrs. Sinclair was still absent, Melanie Duport began to think there was some cause for alarm. Her mistress was punctual and orderly in all her habits. She had gone to walk in the park immediately after luncheon, quite three hours ago. She had no idea of going beyond the park, Melanie knew, as she only wore her seal-skin jacket and a garden hat. She might have gone to Marchbrook, perhaps, in this careless attire, but not any where else; and her visits to Marchbrook were very rare.

Melanie was puzzled. She went down stairs and sent a couple of grooms in quest of her mistress. The gardeners had all gone home at five o'clock.

"You had better look in the summer-house by the fir plantation," said Melanie; "I know Mrs. Sinclair spends a deal of her time there."

The young men took the hint, and went straight off to the summer-house together, too social to take different directions, as Melanie had told them to do. They had plenty to talk about—the way their master was going it, the bad luck which had attended his racing stable lately, and so on.

"I think there's a curse on them buildings at Newmarket," said one of the men. "We haven't pulled off so much as a beggarly plate since they was finished."

"There's a curse on buying half-bred colts," retorted the older and wiser servant. "That's where the curse is, Rogers—mistaken economy."

The classic temple was wrapped in darkness, and Rogers, who entered first, stumbled over the prostrate form of his mistress. She lay just as she had fallen at her husband's feet, felled by his savage blow.

The elder man got a light out of his fusee box, and then they lifted the senseless figure into a chair, and looked at the white face on which there were ghastly streaks of blood. Mrs. Sinclair groaned faintly as they raised her from the ground, and this was a welcome sound, for they had almost thought her dead.

There were some flowers in a vase on the table, and the elder groom dipped a handkerchief in the water and dabbed it on Mrs. Sinclair's forehead.

"I wish I'd got a drop of spirit in my pocket," he said; "a sup of brandy might bring her round, perhaps. Look about if you can see any thing in that way, Rogers."

Rogers looked, but alcohol being an unknown want to Mrs. Sinclair, there was no convenient bottle to be found in the summer-house. She murmured something inarticulate, and the locked lips loosened and trembled faintly as the groom bathed her forehead.

"Poor thing, she must have had a fit," said the elder man.

"Apocalyptic, perhaps," suggested Rogers.

"We'd better carry her back to the house between us. She's only a feather-weight, poor little thing."

So the two grooms conveyed Mrs. Sinclair gently and carefully back to Davenant, and contrived to carry her up to her room by the servants' staircase without letting all the house into the secret.

"If it was a fit, she won't like it talked about," said the head groom to the housekeeper, as he refreshed himself with a glass of Glenlivat after his exertions.

"Master's gone up to London too," said the housekeeper; "that makes it awkward, don't it? I should think somebody ought to telegraph."

Melanie Duport took charge of her mistress with a self-possession that would have done credit to an older woman.

She sent off at once for Dr. Webb, who came post-haste to his most important patient.

The doctor found his patient weak and low, and her mind wandering a little. He was much puzzled by that contusion on the fair forehead, but Constance could give him no explanation.

"I think I fell," she said. "It was kind of him to come to me, wasn't it, for the love of old times?"

"It must have been a very awkward fall," said Dr. Webb to Melanie. "Where did it happen?"

Melanie explained how her mistress had been found in the summer-house.

"She must have fallen against some piece of furniture, something with a blunt edge. It was an awful blow. She is very low, poor thing. The system has received a severe shock."

And then Dr. Webb enjoined the greatest care, and questioned Melanie as to her qualifications for the post of nurse. Mrs. Sinclair was not to be left all night, and some one else must be got to-morrow to relieve Melanie. It was altogether a serious case.

Gilbert Sinclair returned next morning, haggard and gloomy, looking like a man who had spent his night at the gaming table with fortune steadily adverse to him. He met Dr. Webb in the hall, and was told that his wife was seriously ill.

"Not in danger?" he asked, eagerly.

"Not in immediate danger."

"I thank God for that."

It seemed a small thing to be thankful for, since the surgeon's tone was not very hopeful, but Gilbert Sinclair had been weighed down by the apprehension of something worse than this. He found James Wyatt alone in the billiard-room, and learned from him that his guests were already on the wing.

Three days later and Mr. Wyatt had also left Davenant, but not for good. He had promised to run down again in a week or so, and to cheer his dear friend, who, although always treating him more or less *de haut en bas*, allowed him to see pretty plainly that he was indispensable to his patron's contentment. And your modern Umbra will put up with a good deal of snubbing when he knows his patron is under his thumb.

Unfashionable as was the season, Mrs. Walsingham was still in town. She had no rustic retreat of her own, and she was not in that charmed circle, patrician or millionaire, which rejoices in country-houses. Furthermore, she abhorred the beauties of nature, and regarded winter residence in the country as an exile bleaker than Ovid's banishment to chill and savage Tomis. If she had been rich enough to have indulged her caprices, she would have generally begun the year in Paris; but she had an income which just enabled her to live elegantly without any indulgence of caprices. This winter, too, she had peculiar reasons for staying in town, over and above all other motives. She staid in the snug little house in Half-Moon Street, therefore, and was "at home" on Saturday evenings just as if the season had been at its flood. The society with which she filled her miniature drawing-room was literary, musical, artistic, dramatic—just the most delightful society imaginable, with the faintest *soupçon* of Bohemianism. She had chosen Saturday evening because journalists who were free on no other night could drop in, and Mrs. Walsingham adored journalists.

On this particular Saturday, three days after the scene in the summer-house, James Wyatt had made his appearance in the Half-Moon Street drawing-room just when most people were going away. He contrived to outstay them all, though Mrs. Walsingham's manner was not so cordial as to invite him to linger. She yawned audibly behind the edge of her large black fan when Mr. Wyatt took up his stand in front of the chimney-piece with the air of a man who is going to be a fixture for the next hour.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked, after a brief silence.

"From Davenant? Yes, I am kept pretty well *au courant.*"

"A sharp little thing, that Duport."

"Very."

Silence again, during which Mrs. Walsingham surveys her violet velvet gown and admires the Venice point flounce which relieves its sombre hue.

"Clara," said James Wyatt, with a suddenness that startled the lady into looking up at him, "I think I have performed my part of our bargain. When are you going to perform yours?"

"I don't quite understand you."

"Oh yes, you do, Mrs. Walsingham. There are some things that will hardly bear to be discussed even between conspirators. I am not going to enter into details. When I found you in this room three years ago on Gilbert Sinclair's wedding day, you had but one thought, one desire—your whole being was athirst for revenge. You are revenged, and I have been the chief instrument in the realization of your wish. A wicked wish on your part; doubly wicked on mine, with less passion and weaker hatred, to be your aider and abettor. *Soit.* I am content to bear the burden of my guilt, but not to be cheated of my reward. What I have done I have done for your sake—to win your love."

"To buy me," she said, "as slaves are bought, with a price. That's what you mean. You don't suppose I shall love you for working Gilbert Sinclair's ruin?"

"You wanted to see him ruined."

"Yes, when I was mad with rage and grief. Did you think you were talking to a sane woman that evening after Gilbert's marriage? You were talking to a woman whose brain had been on fire with despair and jealousy through the long hours of that agonizing day. What should I long for *but* revenge, *then?*"

"Well, you have had your heart's desire, and it seems to me that your conduct since that day has been pretty consistent with the sentiments you gave expression to then. Do you mean to tell me that you are going to throw me over now—that you are going to repudiate the promise you made me—a promise on which I have counted with unflinching faith in your honor?"

"In my honor!" cried Mrs. Walsingham, with a bitter sneer, all the more bitter because it was pointed against herself. "In the honor of a woman who could act as I have acted!"

"I forgive any thing to passion; but to betray *me* would be deliberate cruelty."

"Would it?" she asked, smiling at him. "I think it would be more cruel to keep my word and make your life miserable."

"You shall make me as miserable as you please, if you will only have me," urged Wyatt. "Come, Clara, I have been your slave for the last three years. I have sacrificed sentiments which most men hold sacred to serve or to please you. It would be unparalleled baseness to break your promise."

"My promise was wrung from me in a moment of blind passion," cried Mrs. Walsingham. "If the Prince of Darkness had asked me to seal a covenant with him that day, I should have consented as freely as I consented to your bargain."

"The comparison is flattering to me," replied Mr. Wyatt, looking at her darkly from under bent brows. There is a stage at which outraged love turns to keenest hate, and James Wyatt's feelings were fast approaching that stage. "In one word, do you mean to keep faith with me? Yes, or no?"

"No," answered Mrs. Walsingham, with a steady look that meant defiance. "No, and again no. Tell the world what you have done, and how I have cheated *you*. Publish your wrongs if you dare. I have never loved but one man in my life, and his name is Gilbert Sinclair. And now good-night, Mr. Wyatt, or, rather, good-morning, for it is Sunday, and I don't want to be late for church."

CHAPTER XX.

DR. HOLLENDORF.

THE new year began with much ringing of parish bells, some genuine joviality in cottages and servants' halls, and various conventional rejoicings in polite society, but silence and solitude still reigned at Davenant. The chief rooms—saloon and dining-room, library and music-room—were abandoned altogether by the gloomy master of the house. They might as well have put on their holland pinafores and shut their shutters, as in the absence of the family, for nobody used them. Gilbert Sinclair lived in his snuggery at the end of the long gallery, ate and drank there, read his newspapers and wrote his letters, smoked and dozed in the dull winter evenings. He rode a good deal in all kinds of weather, going far afield, no one knew where, and coming home at dusk, splashed to the neck, and with his horse in a condition peculiarly aggravating to grooms and stable-boys.

"Them there 'osses will 'ave mud fever before long," said the hirelings, dejectedly. "There's that blessed chestnut he set such store by a month ago with 'ardly a leg to stand on for wind-galls, and the roan filly's over at knees a'ready."

"He" meant Mr. Sinclair, who was riding his finest horses with a prodigal recklessness.

Constance Sinclair lived to see the new year, though she did not know why the church bells rang out on the quiet of midnight. She started up from her pillow with a frightened look when she heard that joy peal, crying that those were her wedding bells, and that she must get ready for church.

"To please you, papa," she said. "For your sake, papa. Pity my broken heart."

There had been days and nights, at the end of the old year, when Dr. Webb trembled for the sweet young life which he had watched almost from its beginning. A great physician had come down from London every day, and had gone away with a fee proportionate to his reputation, after diagnosing the disease in a most wonderful manner; but it was the little country apothecary who saved Constance Sinclair's life. His watchfulness, his devotion, had kept the common enemy at bay. The life-current, which had ebbed very low, flowed gradually back, and after lying for ten days in an utterly prostrate and apathetic state, the patient was now strong enough to rise and be dressed, and lie on the sofa in her pretty morning-room, while Melanie, or honest Martha Briggs, who had come back to nurse her old mistress, read to her, to divert her mind, the doctor said; but, alas! as yet the mind seemed incapable of being awakened to interest in the things of this mortal life. When Constance spoke it was of the past—of her childhood, or girlhood, of people and scenes familiar to her in that happy time. Of her husband she never spoke, and his rare visits to her room had a disturbing influence. So much so that Dr. Webb suggested that for the present Mr. Sinclair should refrain from seeing his wife.

"I can feel for you, my dear Sir," he said, sympathetically. "I quite understand your anxiety, but you may trust me and the nurses. You will have all intelligence of progress. The mind at present is somewhat astray."

"Do you think it will be always so?" asked Sinclair. "Will she never recover her senses?"

"My dear Sir, there is every thing to hope. She is so young, and the disease is altogether so mysterious, whether the effect of the blow—that unlucky fall—or whether simply a development of the brooding melancholy which we had to fight against before the accident, it is impossible to say. We are quite in the dark. Perfect seclusion and tranquillity may do much."

Lord Clanyarde came to see his daughter nearly every day. He had come back to Marchbrook from far more agreeable scenes on purpose to be near her. But his presence seemed to give Constance no pleasure. There were days on which she looked at him with a wandering gaze that went to his heart, or a blank and stony look that appalled him by its awful likeness to death. There were other days when she knew him. On those days her talk was all of the past, and it was clear that memory had taken the place of intelligence.

Lord Clanyarde felt all the pangs of remorse as he contemplated this spectacle of a broken heart, a mind wrecked by sorrow.

"Yet I can hardly blame myself for her sad state, poor child," he argued. "She was happy enough, bright enough, before she lost her baby."

The new year was a week old, and since that first rally there had been no change for the better in Constance Sinclair's condition; and now there came a decided change for the worse. Strength dwindled, a dull apathy took possession of the patient, and even memory seemed a blank.

Dr. Webb was in despair, and fairly owned his helplessness. The London physician came and went, and took his fee, and went on diagnosing with profoundest science, and tried the last resources of the pharmacopœia, with an evident conviction that he could minister to a mind diseased; but nothing came of his science, save that the patient grew daily weaker, as if fate and physic were too much for one feeble sufferer to cope withal.

Gilbert Sinclair was told that unless a change came very speedily his wife must die.

"If we could rouse her from this apathetic state," said the physician; "any shock—any surprise—especially of a pleasurable kind—that would act on the torpid brain might do wonders even yet; but all our attempts to interest her have so far been useless."

Lord Clanyarde was present when this opinion was pronounced. He went home full of thought, more deeply concerned for his daughter than he had ever been yet for any mortal except himself.

"Poor little Connie!" he thought, remembering her in her white frock and blue sash; "she was always my favorite—the prettiest, the gentlest, the most high bred of all my girls, but I didn't know she had such a hold upon my heart."

At Marchbrook Lord Clanyarde found an unexpected visitor waiting for him—a visitor whom he received with a very cordial greeting.

Soon after dusk on the following evening Lord Clanyarde returned to Davenant, but not alone. He took with him an elderly gentleman, with white hair, worn rather long, and a white beard—a person of almost patriarchal appearance, but somewhat disfigured by a pair of smoke-colored spectacles of the kind that are vulgarly known as "gig lamps."

The stranger's clothes were of the shabbiest, yet even in their decay looked the garments of a gentleman. He wore ancient shepherd's plaid trowsers, and a bottle-green overcoat of exploded cut.

Gilbert Sinclair was in the hall when Lord Clanyarde and his companion arrived. Mr. Wyatt had just come down from London, and the two men were smoking their cigars by the great hall fire, the noble old cavernous hearth which had succeeded the more mediæval fashion of a fire in the centre of the hall.

"My dear Sinclair," began Lord Clanyarde, with a somewhat hurried and nervous air, which might be forgiven in a man whose favorite daughter languished between life and death, "I have ventured to bring an old friend of mine, Dr. Hollendorf, a gentleman who has a great practice in Berlin, and who has had vast experience in the treatment of mental disorders. Dr. Hollendorf, Mr. Sinclair. I beg your pardon, Wyatt, how do ye do?" interjected Lord Clanyarde, offering the solicitor a couple of fingers. "Now, Gilbert, I should much like Dr. Hollendorf to see my poor Constance. It may do no good, but it can do no harm; and if you have no objection, with Dr. Webb's concurrence, of course, I should like—"

"Webb is in the house," answered Gilbert. "You can ask him for yourself. I have no objection."

This was said with a weary air, as if the speaker had ceased to take any interest in life. Gilbert hardly looked at the German, or Anglo-German, doctor, but James Wyatt, who was of a more observant turn, scrutinized him attentively.

"Here is Webb," said Gilbert, as the little doctor came tripping down the great staircase, with the lightsome activity of his profession, rubbing his hands as he came.

Lord Clanyarde presented Dr. Hollendorf to the rural practitioner, and stated his wish. Dr. Webb had no objection to offer. Any wish of a father's must be sacred.

"You will come up and see her at once?" he said, interrogatively.

"At once," answered the stranger, with a slightly guttural accent.

The three men went up the staircase, Gilbert remaining behind.

"Aren't you going?" asked Wyatt.

"No; my presence generally disturbs her. Why should I go? I'm not wanted."

"I should go if I were you. How do you know what this man is? An impudent quack, in all probability. You ought to be present."

"Do you think so?"

"Decidedly."

"Then I'll go."

"Watch your wife when that man is talking to her," said Wyatt, in a lower tone, as Gilbert moved away.

"What do you mean?" asked the other, turning sharply round.

"What I say. Watch your wife."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAN-SCLAVISM AND THE PAPACY.

Cardinal Manning has recently indicated in a very plain way the little sympathy which his Church feels for the sufferings of Servia, and its open hostility to the liberation of the Sclavic race, and it is well known that the ruling powers at the Vatican are strongly on the side of the Turks. It is a combination of secret associations, the cardinal thinks, that has forced the Servian government into a revolt against Turkey, and he even charges these societies with urging on the Turks to fresh massacres, in order to awaken retaliation and perpetuate the war. The supposition is extravagant, but the position of the Papal Church in relation to the Pan-Sclavic movement is in keeping with that bitter jealousy and hate with which it has ever watched and, as far as it was able, impeded the advance of its sister churches of the East. It is because it fears the progress of the Greek faith that it lends its sympathy to the barbarous Turks. The curious rivalry and bitter hostility of the two creeds, and the causes of the new exhibition of papal intolerance, deserve a careful attention, for the hand of Rome will be found as fatal to the peace of nations in the East as in the West.

The Sclavic race embraces the Russians, Poles, Servians, Bulgarians, Bohemians, and Moravians, and several other tribes or families, numbers probably more than seventy millions, and reaches from Herzegovina and the Adriatic to Kamtchatka and the banks of the Amoor. Pan-Sclavism proposes to unite all this vast body of allied races under one government, and to create a single nationality that shall form a ruling power in the Eastern world. It is the dream or the prophecy of Servian poets and thinkers oppressed by a sense of the miserable subjection of their country to an alien race and creed. Servia has been the natural home of the vision of Pan-Sclavism. It is quite possible, as Dr. Manning asserts, that its people have planned in secret this great deliverance, to which they look forward with eager expectation; that Servia has been driven into revolt by its ardent and perhaps imprudent thinkers. But the chief obstacle to the union of all the Sclavic races is the difference of religion. Some of them are Roman Catholics, some Protestant, the majority Greek. The Servians are nearly all of the Greek faith; the Bohemians were converted to Romanism by a fierce and lasting persecution; the Poles, with some dissidents or Protestants, are in general Roman Catholics. And the chief source of the bitter wars that have raged for centuries between the Russian and the Pole, between the two chief members of the Sclavic family, is the religious difference. The aggressor seems to have been Poland. It was earlier civilized than Russia, was more powerful, a great and progressive kingdom, tolerant to all sects, liberal in the cause of knowledge and letters, when, under Sigismund III., it fell under the rigid control of the Jesuits. They seized upon all its schools, and governed its flourishing universities. A bitter persecution was at once begun against all other Christian sects. The Unitarians or Socinians, who had once made Poland their home, sheltered under its liberal laws, were driven away into exile; the other Protestant denominations were tormented and oppressed. Violent religious riots arose. They were repressed with pitiless severity, and the Jesuits at last ruled with unquestioned authority over the powerful realm of the Sclavic Poles.

They, too, indulged in a vision of Pan-Sclavism; but it was a union of races that was to be cemented by the destruction of the Greek creed, the conquest of Russia, the desolation of Bohemia, the subjection of the whole East to the usurping arts of Rome. Under Sigismund III. (about 1600) the Poles had invaded torn and bleeding Russia, ravaged its provinces, burned its capital, and at one moment reduced the fallen empire to accept a Polish sovereign and the Romish faith. He was expelled, but Russia was deprived of some of its fairest districts; and for many years the Papal Church pursued its project of destroying the Greek hierarchy by the aid of the ultramontane Poles. The Jesuits led in all the wars with Russia. They seemed at times almost on the verge of success. But at last Russia revived. Poland was shorn of its strength by papal intolerance; the wisest and purest of its population fled to other lands; its literature and even its language decayed; and the realm of Casimir and Sigismund fell an easy prey to the cupidity of the neighbors it had labored under its Jesuitical leaders to subject to the Roman see. But for its religious intolerance and its papal guides, it is quite probable that Poland might have long survived, a prosperous and progressive republic.

The fate of Sclavic Bohemia is more instructive than even the evil destiny of its relatives, the Poles. Here, too, religious intolerance, the result of the fierce political ambition of Rome and the Jesuits, reduced one of the most flourishing of the Sclavic nations to a condition of miserable decay. Early in its history, perhaps about the twelfth century, Bohemia had assumed a leading place in the course of European civilization. Soon it began to abound with scholars and thinkers. Its Princess Ann, in the fourteenth century, married Richard of England, and the Bible and the various writings of Wycliffe became familiar to its intelligent people. A sudden conversion followed. The head of the great university of Prague, John Huss, and a large part of its people, threw off the Roman yoke, and declaimed against the abuses of the papacy. Huss was burned at Constance, but the Sclavic people rose in defense of liberty of thought, and a fierce war raged with varying success until it closed in a general compromise. At the Reformation Bohemia became Protestant, and the purer faith had no stronger adherents than the intelligent Sclaves who had never lost the generous impulses of an earlier age. But here, too, the popes and the Jesuits succeeded in a merciless effort to destroy the intellect and the progress of Bohemia. The Thirty Years' War began. Bohemia was its chief victim. Wallenstein ravaged its hapless but once prosperous borders, and all the horrors of a war of religious intolerance fell upon the conquered realm. The Sclaves fought bravely against the Spaniards and the priests, but were overwhelmed with a terrible desolation. The best, the wisest, and most valuable of the population were driven into exile. Cities were depopulated, whole districts fell into decay. Of 732 cities and 34,700 villages possessed by Bohemia in 1617, there remained, twenty years later, only 130 cities and 6000 villages, and by the cruel intolerance of the Jesuits a population of 3,000,000 had been reduced to less than 800,000. But the chief aim of the papal conquerors had been to destroy the intellect and the literature of the Sclaves. They searched every house for books, and committed them to the flames. Some inquisitors could boast that they had destroyed 60,000 volumes each. Bohemian intelligence perished, and the very name of a Bohemian became for generations a symbol of mental degradation.

Of the other Sclavic races, Servia escaped the ravages of Rome only to fall under the tyranny of the Turks. It yielded to the arms of Mohammed, and its Christian population for four centuries have borne the insults and oppression of a Turkish horde. Its young men were snatched away to fill the ranks of the Janizaries. Its people clung to their faith through generations of peril. But it is said that the Turks have been more lenient than the Jesuits, and have never labored to extirpate wholly the Greek Church; they content themselves with a contemptuous toleration of Christian idolatry. But a recent writer relates that his Turkish servants were accustomed to take from the Christian farmers of Bulgaria whatever they chose, their corn, fruit, or cattle, without payment, and that the "Christian dog" had no redress against the oppression of his masters. Yet the Servian and Bulgarian Sclaves are full of poetical tastes and fancies; some of the finest of European ballads have been found passing orally from mouth to mouth among the peasants, and it is said that some traits of Greek influence and Attic taste may still be found among the gifted and brilliant Servian Sclaves.

It is easy to see why Cardinal Manning and the extreme faction of the papacy have no desire to advance the Pan-Sclavic movement, or to suffer the cultivation of the Sclavic intellect and the growth of its rising literature. They have been engaged for centuries in a vain effort to subject the Sclaves to the Romish faith, but all their labors have tended only to the ruin of their own hopes. Bohemia, their chief victim, is escaping from the bondage of Jesuitism, and will probably be once more, as in the days of Huss, a centre of Protestantism and mental progress. Poland can hardly become again a source of danger to Russia. If Servia is free, it will maintain the Greek faith, and perhaps become Protestantized. The spirit of the Sclaves has never favored intolerance or persecution, and a Pan-Sclavic confederation, reaching from the Adriatic to the Pacific, would form an admirable means of cultivating all the East. But to Rome it must form an impenetrable barrier. Russia, next to the government of the United States, has been the most formidable obstacle to the spread of the papal dominion. The one has stirred the subjects of papal states by an example of freedom, the other has rigidly repressed the plots and intrigues of political Jesuitism; against both the ultramontanes will ever retain a latent hostility. But possibly the least consistent part of Cardinal Manning's speech is his charge that the Pan-Sclavic movement is the result of secret societies that endanger the peace of Europe. For what secret society has ever been so fatal to the welfare of mankind as that violent element in his own denomination of which Dr. Manning is the most noted representative? The woes of the Sclavic races owe their origin to Jesuitism. Ruined Bohemia, with its thinned and blighted population, Russia, torn by the fanatical Poles and Jesuits, Poland, again weakened and laid prostrate at the feet of its enemies, are proofs that the chief danger of the European governments is religious intolerance and spiritual pride. What Eastern Europe and the Sclavic race chiefly want is to throw down the bars of exclusiveness, and open the way to a free tide of popular instruction. Knowledge and humanity may spread with the rise of Pan-Sclavism; but this is what Dr. Manning's ultramontane faction is most concerned to prevent in Europe and America.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Important results have been obtained by parties of the United States Geographical Survey west of the hundredth meridian, under Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, corps of engineers, in geology and natural history, Mr. H. W. Henshaw, the zoologist of the California section, having made large collections of the vertebrate fauna, including every family of birds occurring in the West. The streams explored in Nevada and California were found to abound in fishes of the genus *Catostomus*, and among the specimens collected it is not improbable some species may be found that are new to science.

In the reptilian collection are several snakes belonging to the genus *Eutania*, and a new species of lizard. In entomology the *orthoptera* and *coleoptera* are largely represented, including some rare species from the Alpine mountain region.

Careful investigations were made in geology by Mr. A. R. Conkling, and the collections made taxed the facilities for transportation, the rocks gathered being chiefly igneous and metamorphic, including syenite, granite, basalt, etc.

The predominating rock in the region thus far examined by the California scientific expedition is gray syenitic granite, containing numerous crystals of black hornblende.

Several mines were explored and described in detail, especially the North Carson, Emerald, Montreal, and Consolidated Bonanza, in the Eagle and Washoe Valley mining district. In paleontology there were few collections, fossiliferous formations being rare. From the sandstone quarries in Ormsby County several specimens of the genus *Unio* were obtained, these tertiary fossils being the only representatives of extinct fauna observed.

The geodetic and topographic work of the six field parties was continued uninterruptedly and with great success in consequence of the fine weather and the accessibility of several mountain peaks of the region. The Colorado section has not been heard from since it commenced operations in Colorado and New Mexico.

Mr. Henry Rousseau, for many years a well-known citizen of Troy, died on the 13th of September at the age of seventy-five. Mr. Rousseau was one of the founders and a prominent member of the Troy Lyceum of Natural History, and did much toward its prosperity.

The New York Aquarium, which has been in progress of construction and equipment for some months past at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway, was formally opened on the evening of the 10th of October last, in the presence of a large assemblage of invited guests. An address was made on the subject of aquaria and fish-culture, and their mutual relations, by Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, and after the reading of letters from various distinguished men of science throughout the United States, a dinner was served consisting entirely of fish, modeled on the plan of that of the Fish-culturists' Association at the Centennial the preceding week.

The New York Aquarium has been started on an extended and liberal scale, and we are happy to learn that arrangements have been made for securing all the species of marine animals that can be kept in the latitude of New York. A good specimen of the beluga or white porpoise whale of the St. Lawrence River has already been secured, as well as a number of seals and a considerable variety of fishes. An admirable feature of the aquarium consists in the aid which it proposes to render biological research in New York, in providing a room, properly lighted and heated, for microscopic study, where investigations can be carried on upon animals in the aquarium while living and after their death. At the late meeting of the Fish-culturists' Association a room was offered them by the proprietors, Messrs. Coup & Reiche, as head-quarters of the Association and for its annual meetings, which was accepted.

It may be remembered that Professor Nordenskjöld, who was one of the judges at the Centennial, was obliged to hurry away from Philadelphia to meet the Siberian exploring expedition which he had organized for the coming summer, and which left Tromsöe on the 25th of June for the mouth of the Yenisei. We presume that he succeeded in intercepting it at some point in its course, as no reference is made to his absence in a telegraphic dispatch announcing the return of the expedition to Hammerfest on the 19th of September. The voyage out and back occupied only about five weeks, including sixteen days for the stay at Yenisei. The sea was found perfectly navigable and free from ice, and the practicability of a trade route from Europe through the Arctic Ocean to Siberia was again demonstrated.

The Hon. George Williamson, United States minister to Central America, has devoted much attention to the ethnology and philology of that region, and has supplied much valuable material to the National Museum and the Smithsonian Institution, in the way of collections of specimens, vocabularies of native languages, etc. This gentleman, for the purpose of bringing about a unity of action among Central American savants and a due appreciation of the archæology of their country, has lately suggested to the Economical Society of Guatemala a project of an international exhibition of ethnology, to be held in Guatemala, in view of the fact that the city of Guatemala is central, and easily reached from many directions. He thinks that by having a convocation of the kind in question, and bringing together many specimens and photographs, much light may be thrown on the geographical distribution of particular nations and their chronological succession.

This suggestion, which was made in July, was met with great acclaim by the Economical Society, and a commission was appointed, consisting of Dr. Berendt, Mr. Sarg, Don Manuel Matheu, Don Manuel Herrera, Don Manuel Maria Sefuentes, and Señor Carrascosa. Mr. Williamson was appointed to act as chief of the commission. The date of the meeting has not yet been announced.

Among the most completely organized departments of the Johns Hopkins University is that of biology, Professor H. N. Martin, a promising English scientist, having been placed in charge.

Professor Martin will lecture on animal biology on Tuesdays and Fridays during the winter, and in the spring a course of instruction in general biology will be undertaken. Arrangements have also been made to accommodate a certain number of advanced students in the same branches during the coming winter, although no lecture courses have as yet been organized.

Considerable interest has been excited in the scientific world in London by the prosecution, on a charge of fraud, of two American "spiritualistic mediums"—"Dr." Slade and Mr. Simmons. The principal phenomena which are produced in the presence of these "mediums" are those known as "spirit writings;" and the chief prosecutors, two well-known scientific men—Mr. E. R. Lankester, F.R.S., Professor of Zoology in University College, and Dr. Donkin, assistant physician to the Westminster Hospital—gave evidence that the alleged "spirit writings" are produced by "Dr." Slade himself. Other equally eminent scientific men, on the other hand, including Mr. A. R. Wallace and Mr. W. Crookes, the inventor of the radiometer, are, it is said, prepared to testify to "Dr." Slade's honesty.

Mr. Henry Meiggs, the well-known American railroad contractor and engineer, whose efforts in connection with the establishment of railroads in South America are so well known and appreciated, has recently furnished the means to M. Bur, a French ethnologist, for carrying on some explorations in the vicinity of Tiahuanuco, in Bolivia, a region which abounds in objects of archæological interest. Mr. Meiggs has arranged that a full series of these objects shall be presented to the National Museum.

The Congress on Silk Culture at its Milan session decided to hold its next biennial meeting in Paris on the occasion of the Exhibition in 1878.

The fifth meeting of the Society of Russian Naturalists was held at Warsaw on the 12th of September, with a large attendance, beginning with 250, and increasing daily to the close.

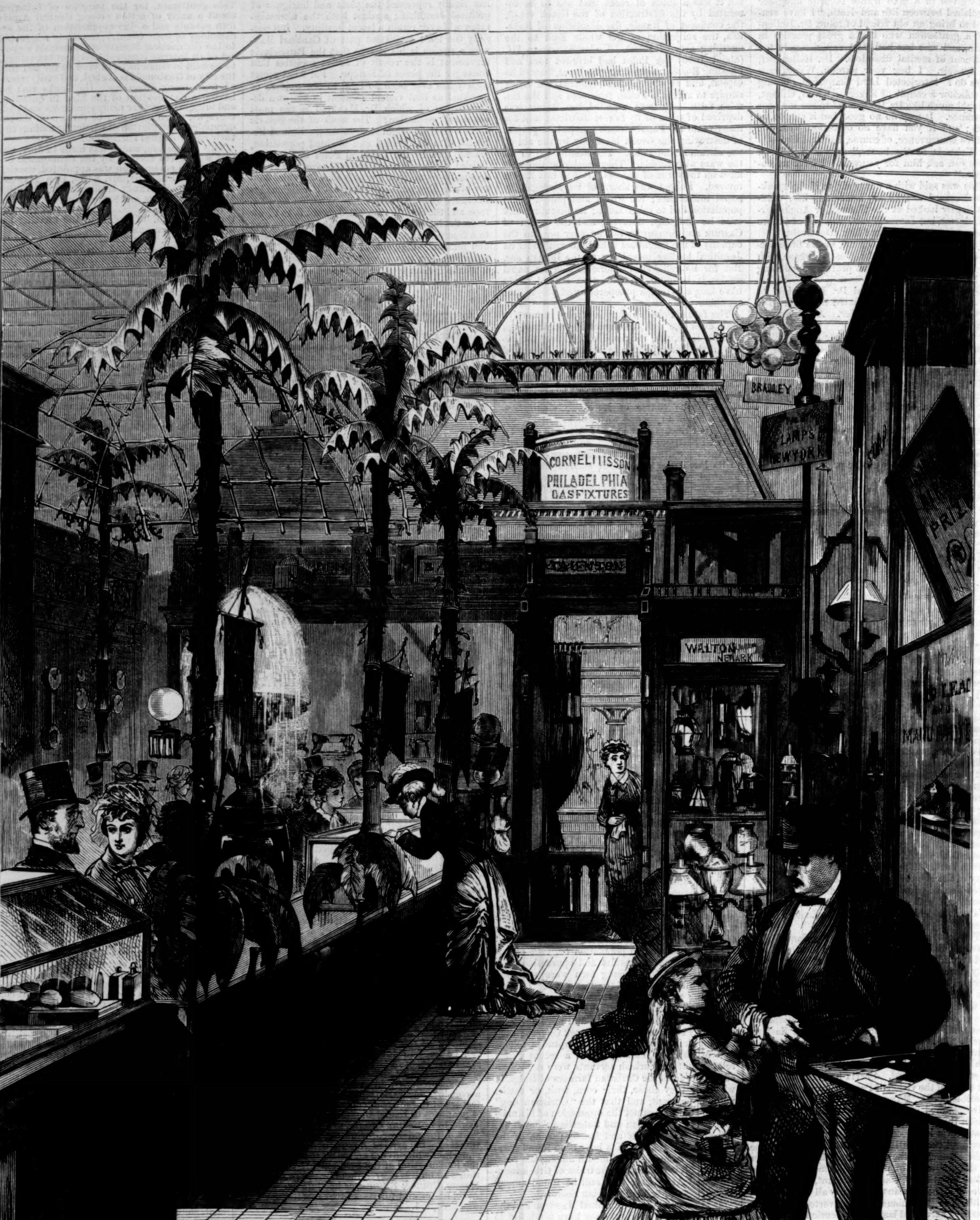
The total number of eggs of California salmon taken at the United States establishment on the M'Cloud River amounted to 6,664,000, of which 4,795,000 were sent to a distance, principally to States east of the Rocky Mountains, and 1,869,000 were deposited in the tributaries of the Sacramento.

Two years ago a School of Medicine for Women was started in London, and during two sessions regular courses of lectures on the various subjects included in the medical curriculum have been delivered at the school by some of the first men in London. The design of the founders of the school seems, however, likely to be frustrated by the refusal of the authorities of every medical school in the metropolis to admit the female students to hospital practice, even with the fullest guarantee that they shall not be taught conjointly with or mix with the male students. The ladies are now contemplating moving either to Edinburgh or Paris to obtain the necessary hospital practice. In the mean time the British Parliament has passed a bill to enable all medical examining bodies to admit to their examinations any candidate that may apply, without distinction of sex. The action of the medical schools renders, however, this act at present a dead letter.

Among other subjects which are engaging the attention of the Centennial Commission in connection with the matter of a final report upon the International Exhibition is that of the possible introduction of noxious insects and plants from foreign countries. Quite a number of the displays, especially from South America and Australia, are infested by insects of various orders, such as moths, beetles, etc., and it is probable that, should the subject be investigated by competent specialists, a very large list would be detected.

Professor Riley has lately made a communication to the Academy of Science of St. Louis urging that any species that are not already in the United States should be carefully considered, and measures taken to prevent their spreading from the cases in which they may be found. He enumerates four species of beetles and two of moths as observed by him.

The subject of the plants will not be so easy to consider as that of the insects, as another season at least will be required to determine what kinds have been propagated from the packings of the goods brought from abroad. It is stated that already over fifty new species have been determined as the result of the Exhibition in Paris in 1867, and a much larger number may be expected to show themselves in Philadelphia. In view of the general importance of the subject, as well as its scientific interest, it is satisfactory to know that the Centennial Commission has done its duty in this respect by inviting the Academy of Sciences of Philadelphia to appoint a committee to consider and report upon the whole matter. This consists of Dr. John L. Leconte, Dr. G. H. Horn, and Mr. Meehan.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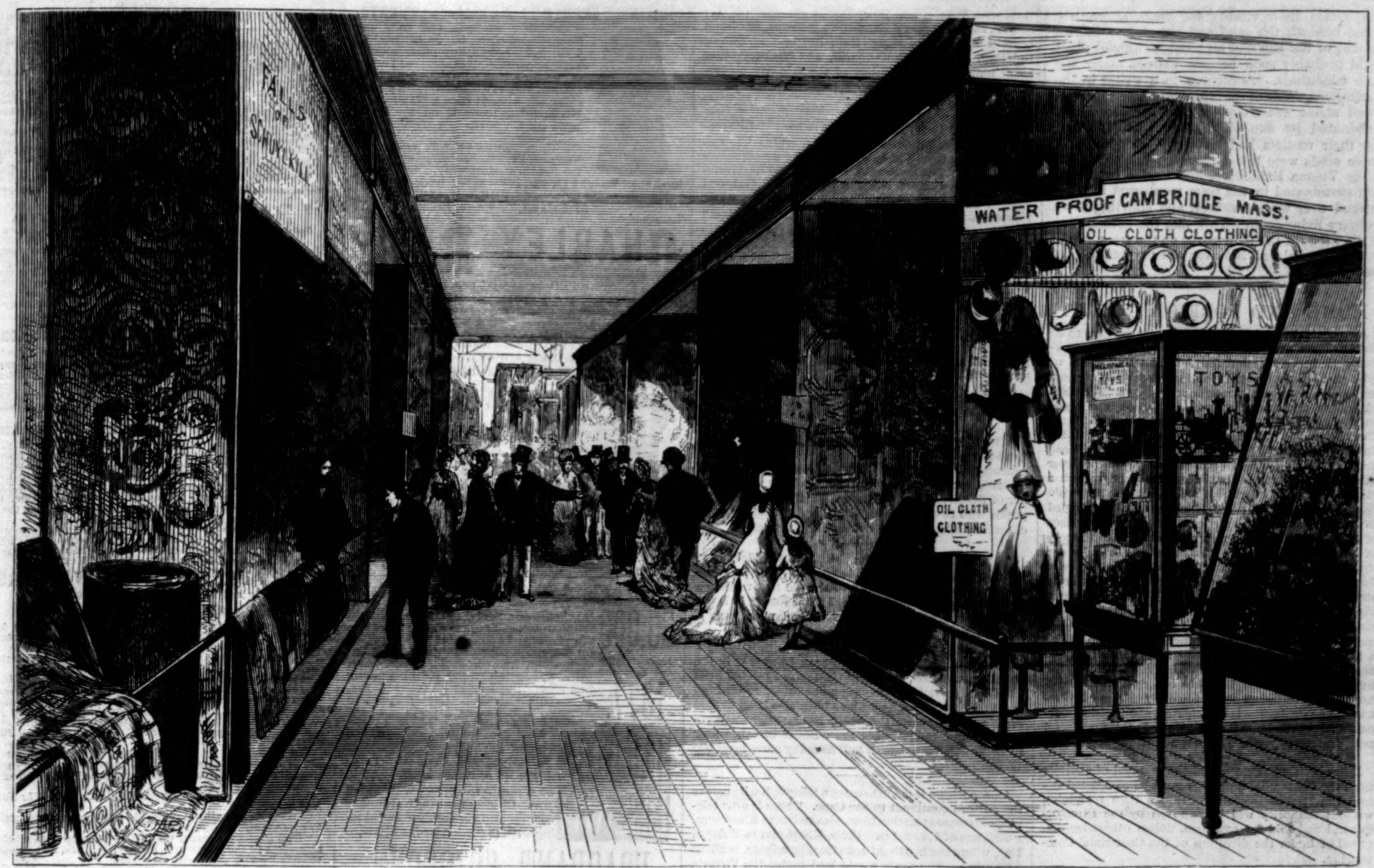
THE CENTENNIAL—A VIEW IN THE AMERICAN DEPARTMENT, MAIN BUILDING.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 949.]

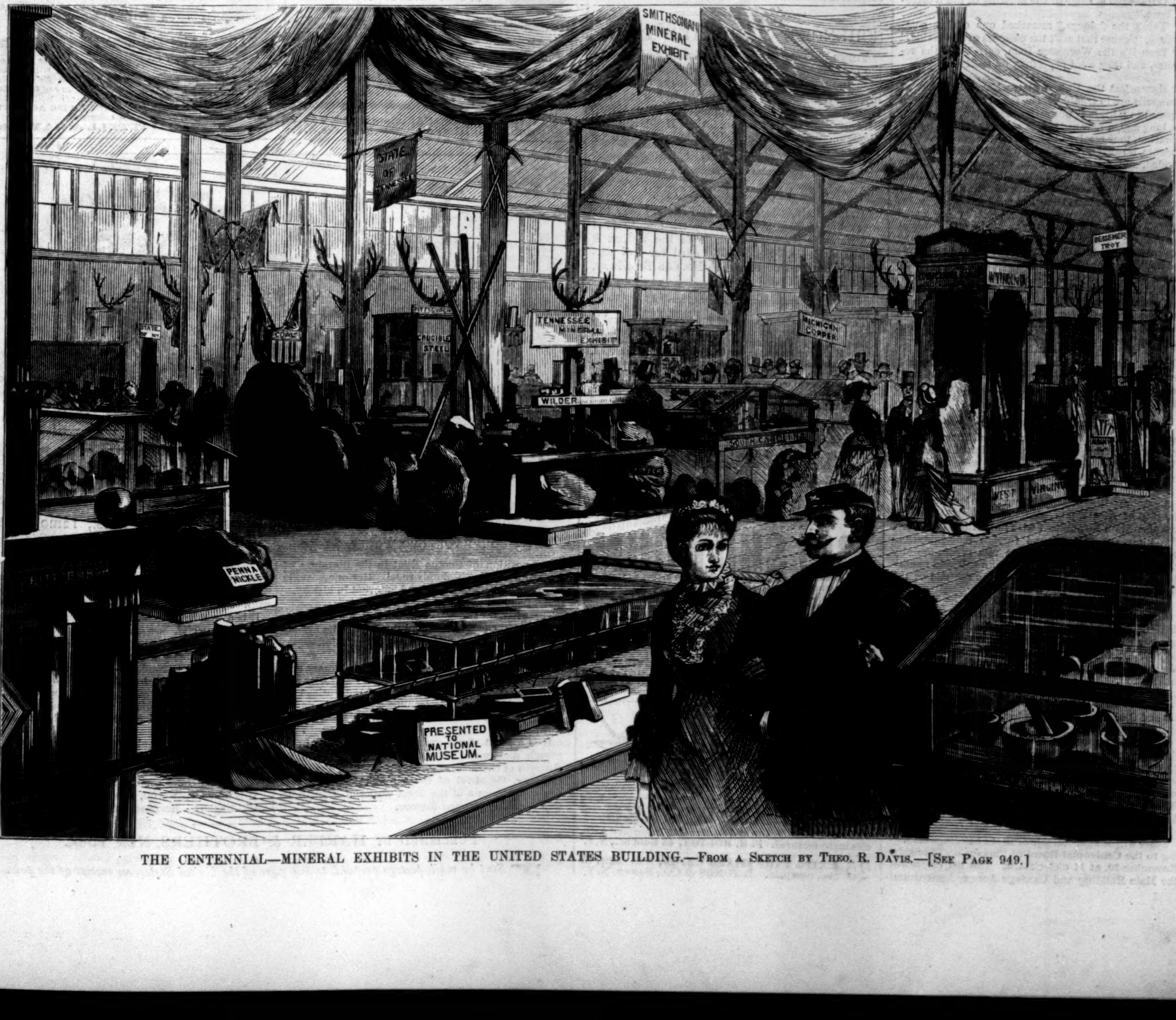

FALLS OF SCHUYKILL
WATER PROOF CAMBRIDGE MASS.
OIL CLOTH CLOTHING
TOYS
OIL CLOTH CLOTHING

THE CENTENNIAL—DISPLAY OF AMERICAN CARPETS, MAIN BUILDING.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 949.]

RAPID GERMINATION.

Most gardeners have either heard or read of, if not seen, the singular rose of Jericho, *Anastatica hierochuntina.* The plant belongs to the Cruciferæ, and is a dwarf radiately branched annual, inhabiting the sandy wastes of North Africa and Syria. We may say here that when the individual plant has fulfilled its mission—that is to say, produced flowers—and when the seed is in course of ripening, the leaves decay and fall off, and the branches curve inward, forming a ball of the entire plant. After this it soon becomes detached from the soil, and is blown hither and thither with the moving sands.

During this time the seed-vessels remain closed, but the first rain causes the branches to unfold and the seed-pods to open. Now it is obvious that the most favorable condition for the continued reproduction of an annual plant in the shifting sands of the desert must be quick germination and growth and a kind of locomotion. The strange prickly, almost or quite leafless, shrubs and undershrubs characteristic of the desert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THE CENTENNIAL—MINERAL EXHIBITS IN THE UNITED STATES BUILDING.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 949.]

flora, retain their vitality for years, alternately buried beneath the sand and exposed to the influences of the sun and air; but an annual plant would probably soon become extinct under the same conditions. According to a writer in the *Gartenflora*, seeds of the *Anastatica hierochuntina*, sowed about five o'clock in the afternoon, had germinated by one o'clock the following day, and their rootlets had already pierced the soil. These seeds were taken from a plant purchased at the Vienna Exhibition, and twelve out of fifteen germinated in the time mentioned in a pot covered over with a saucer, and standing in an ordinary living-room. This, like the germination of the seeds of the mangroves on the trees, seems to be a special provision for the perpetuation of the species.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

As our Centennial Exhibition closes, the Champ de Mars in Paris presents increased indications of vigorous work in preparation for the great Exhibition of 1878. Something like three hundred workmen are now employed there; and throughout France artists, manufacturers, and business firms are earnestly engaged on specimens of their skill designed to be exhibited. The national manufactories of Sèvres and Les Gobelins are preparing their contributions. It is announced that the Sèvres porcelain will surpass any thing ever exhibited. Among the articles already begun are a magnificent dinner service, four tea sets, a vase seven feet in height, and a pair of bisque statuettes draped in lace. A magnificent carpet, destined for the palace of Fontainebleau, is in preparation at the manufactory of Les Gobelins, also two smaller carpets intended for the Hôtel de Ville, and several panels of most exquisite design. Millet, the sculptor, is chiseling a life-size statue of Cassandra of beautiful design. The crown diamonds of France, it is said, will be exhibited, including the Regent, considered the most perfect diamond in the world. Among other things, there will be a light-house four hundred feet high, erected on the summit of the Trocadero, in which will be placed the huge lamp which England has ordered for the light-house at the entrance of the Channel. From all countries a fine exhibition is anticipated, and Parisian journals express the hope that the United States will send representative specimens of her marvelous machinery.

It has been announced that the removal of exhibits from the Centennial buildings must be completed before the 31st of December. Goods then remaining without authority will be removed by the Director-General and sold for expenses, unless otherwise disposed of under the direction of the Centennial Commission.

Four carriages, three wagons, a pair of mules, and three cows belonging to Brigham Young were recently sold at auction to satisfy the award made by the court to Ann Eliza in her suit for divorce and alimony.

No wonder that the little family party from the country were perplexed as they stood before "The Bridal of Neptune" in the Art Gallery at the Centennial. But one of them, evidently a smart Massachusetts girl, soon solved the difficulty.

"It's either," said she, with some lingering doubt—"it's either the delooge or the bursting of the Worcester Dam."

"'Tain't the delooge," remarked one of her companions, "'cause that ain't the costoom of the period."

"Then it's the Worcester Dam, sure," was the response, and they went peacefully on their way.

"Hazers" at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis are in trouble. The faculty have long been opposed to "hazing" of every description, and when, not long ago, a new cadet was severely injured by the operation, they resolved to break up the practice. The students, however, refused to give the information demanded, and many have been expelled, and others probably will be; very likely all the Intermediate Class. The disgraceful practice of "hazing" should be beneath those called gentlemen.

A false alarm of fire recently created a fatal panic at the Chinese theatre in San Francisco. The building was crowded, and when the alarm was raised there was a furious rush for the one door. Of course this single means of exit was entirely insufficient. In the terrible jam and crush that followed, many were knocked down and trampled upon. Policemen seemed helpless to stay the stampede for a time, and the scene was a dreadful one. Finally twenty persons were taken out dead, and many others received serious injuries.

English cotton brokers make a calculation, based on figures and past experience, that Europe will next year require 2,241,000,000 pounds of cotton, or 5,602,500 bales.

On the 1st of November, when only a few days remained of the Centennial Exhibition, four boxes of antique vases from the private collection of Hu Kwang Yung, Minister of Finance in China, were received in the Chinese department of the Main Building.

A great maritime canal, sixteen miles long, connects the city of Amsterdam with the German Ocean. It was opened on November 1 with imposing ceremonies. The king, the cabinet, and foreign representatives were present; a grand banquet was given, the city was decorated and illuminated, and a splendid exhibition of fire-works was given. At the sea end of the canal is a harbor covering 250 acres.

Alterations and improvements in Durham Cathedral, England, have been in progress for five years past, and are now completed. The cathedral was re-opened on October 18; and although the changes made have been discussed with much acrimony, they seem now to give satisfaction.

Japan is making rapid strides. The streets of Tokio and Osaka are now lighted with gas.

There was an extra performance in a circus in San Francisco lately—one not on the bill. A large Bengal tiger in some way got loose and sprang to the ground from a tableau car, where he had been on exhibition, into a crowd of people. The wildest excitement prevailed for a time; but the tiger was secured without doing any harm.

There will be a general sale of all the buildings belonging to the Centennial Board of Finance on Thursday, November 30, at 11 o'clock A.M. The list comprises the Main Building and Carriage Annex, Agricultural Hall, with Wagon and Pomological annexes, the Art Annex, Photographers' Exhibition Building, Shoe and Leather Building, Judges' Hall, Butter and Cheese Building, guard station-houses, and various other small buildings. Particulars of the sale will be furnished in pamphlet form on application ten days before the appointed time.

A fine place to emigrate to in these hard times must be Colton, San Bernardino Valley, California. The following is mentioned in an exchange as "a poor man's breakfast:" "Tea, sweetened with pure, white, strained honey, thick cream, and bread, milk, eggs, Hubbard squash, ham, pomegranate, black Hamburg grapes, Flamme de Tokay grapes, green figs, and peaches." And the cost of this breakfast for a man and his wife is fifteen cents.

Perhaps, after all, Liverpool may be the cheapest living-place. A Liverpool restaurant-keeper advertises this dinner, from twelve to four daily, for a shilling—about twenty-five cents:

"First course—Scotch mutton broth, spring soup.

"Second course—Roast beef, boiled mutton, roast pork and apple sauce, stewed beef, stewed tripe and onions, mince collops.

"Third course—Berlin pudding, rice pudding, apple pudding, sago pudding, fig pudding, stewed rhubarb and rice, apple tart, blanc-mange, cheese."

After a suspension of seven years, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts has resumed operations as an educational institution. The class-rooms are in the building recently erected by the Academy at the corner of Broad and Cherry streets. Tuition is free to all pupils who have acquired proficiency enough to work effectively without mere elementary instruction.

A humane Englishman has patented an artificial hare for greyhound racing, so it is reported. It is a stuffed hare, mounted on a sort of shuttle that runs in a deeply groved rail four hundred yards long. It is operated by means of a windlass. The dogs pursue it just as eagerly as the real live animal.

Ten years ago Texas cattle began to appear in the Northern markets, and since then over 3,000,000 head have been driven into Kansas and shipped to Chicago and St. Louis. Large numbers have also been herded in Western Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Wyoming. Good judges place the number of cattle now in Texas at 3,500,000, with half as many more upon the Western plains.

A proposition is made to carry a telegraph wire across the African continent to the Cape. There is now telegraphic communication from Alexandria to Khartoum, a distance of 1100 miles. From Khartoum to Delagoa Bay, where the South African lines terminate, is about 2600 miles. The route would lead under the Victoria Nyassa and Tanganyika lakes, and thence down the Shiré and Zambesi rivers to the sea, where a short ocean line would connect it with Delagoa Bay or Port Natal. A branch would go from Ujiji to Zanzibar. It has been suggested that the expense of poles might be mostly avoided by taking advantage of the trees over thickly wooded tracts of country. It is said that the chief difficulty would be to keep the natives from utilizing the wire, iron being scarce and valuable. Such a telegraph, if once established and kept in working order, would be a great help to Africa in respect to commerce and civilization.

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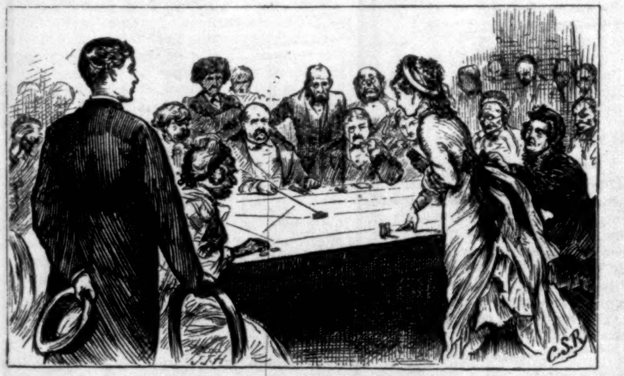

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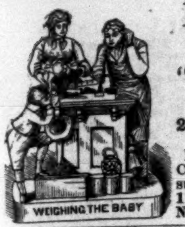

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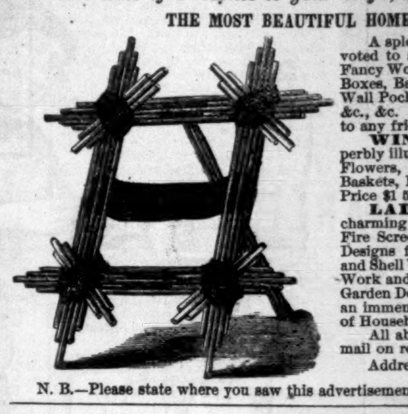

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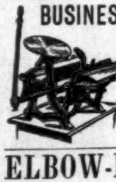

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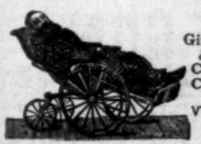

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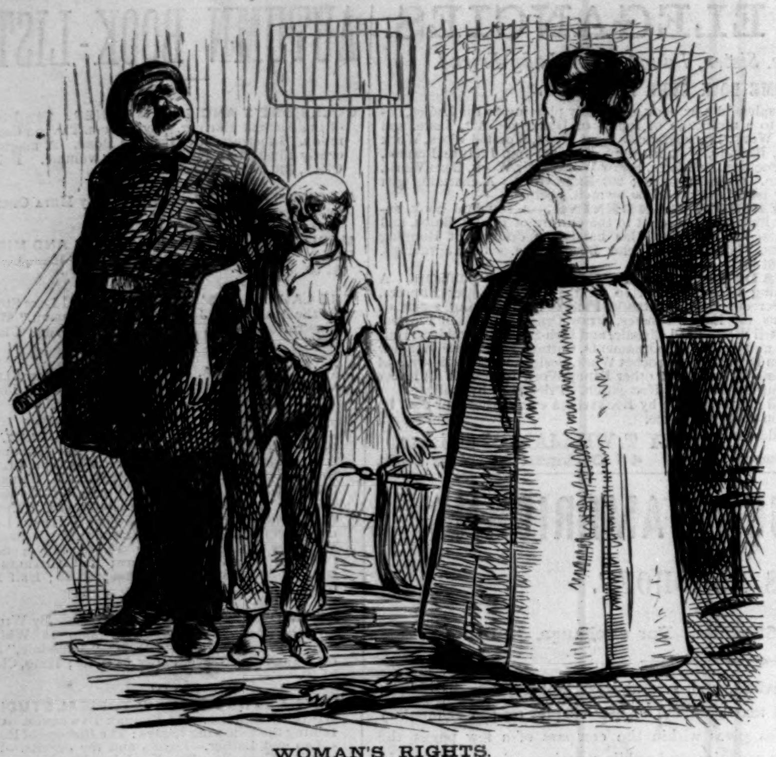

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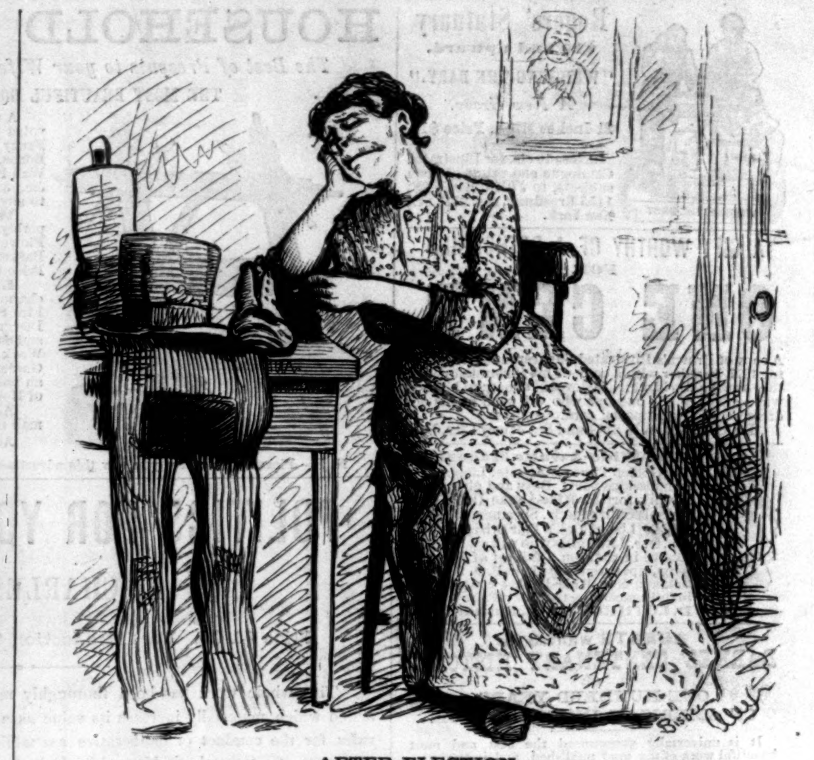

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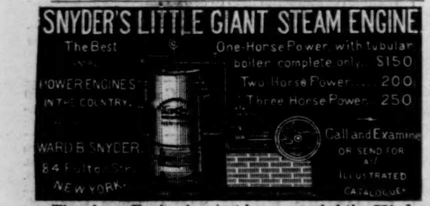

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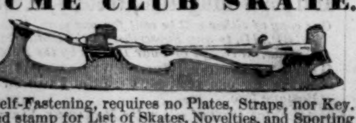

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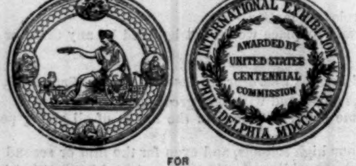

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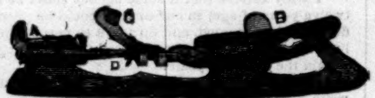

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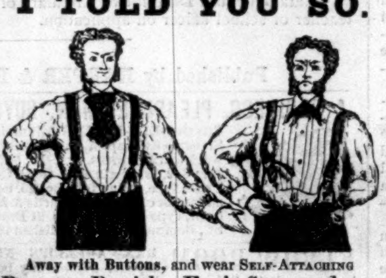

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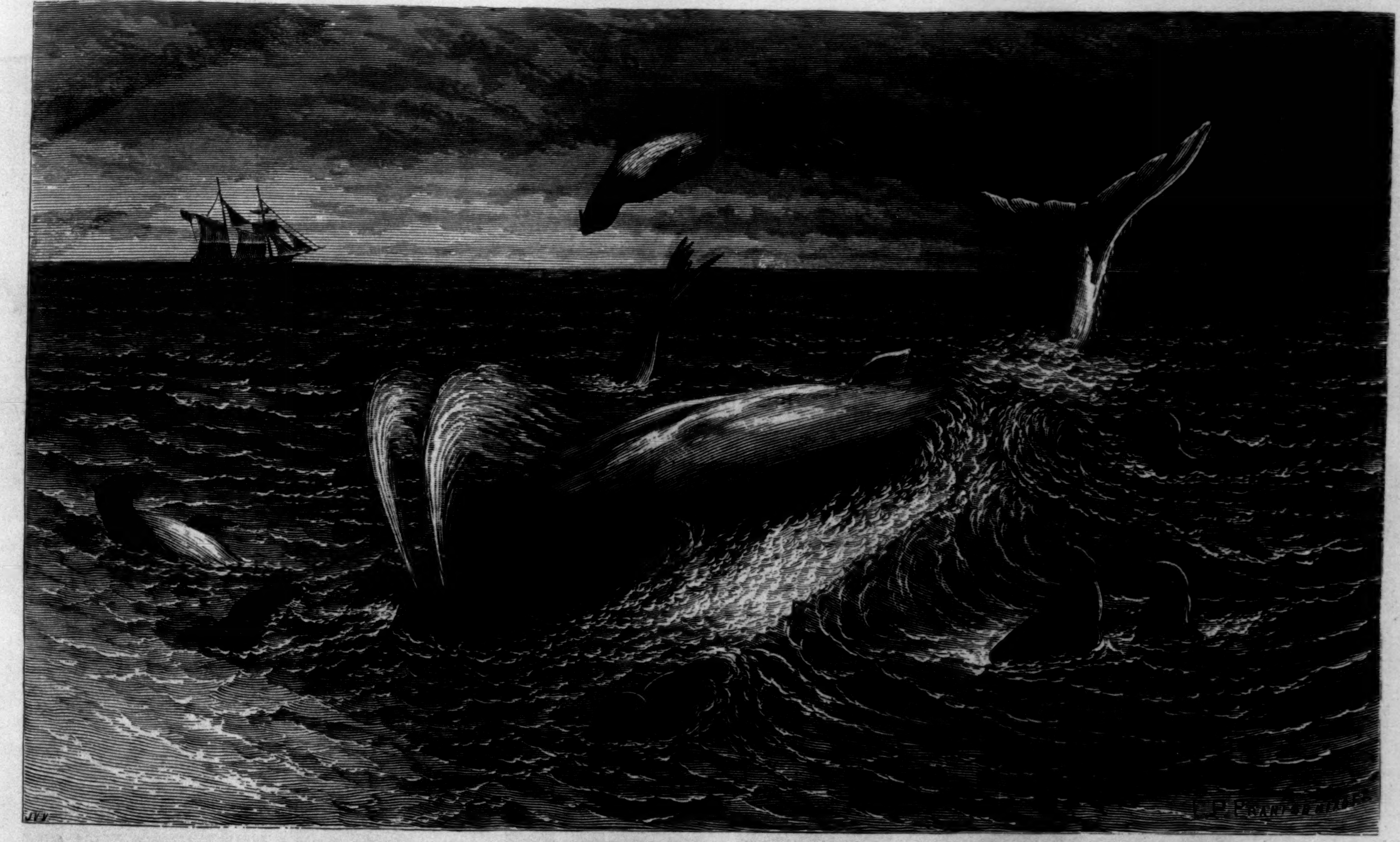

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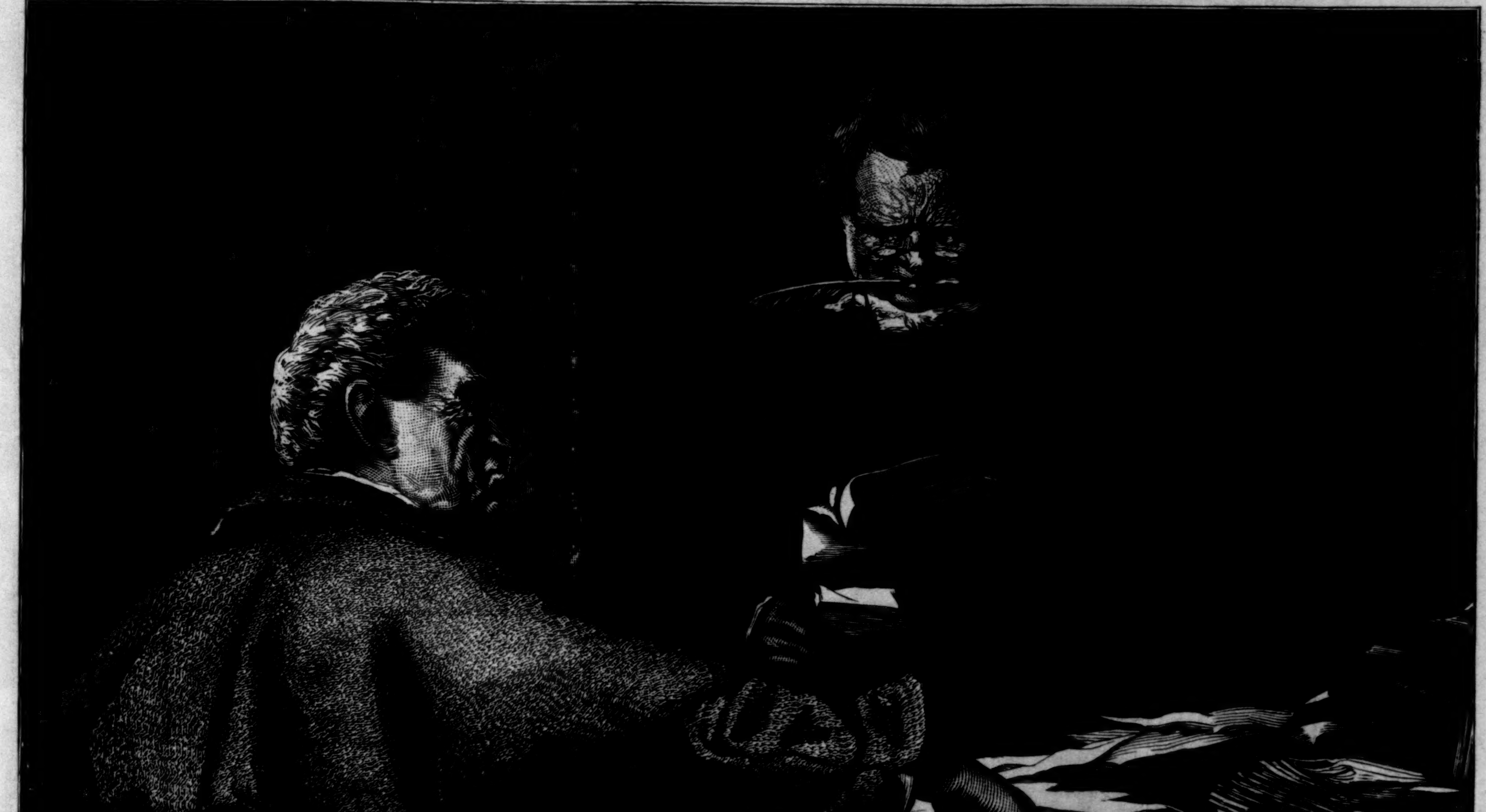

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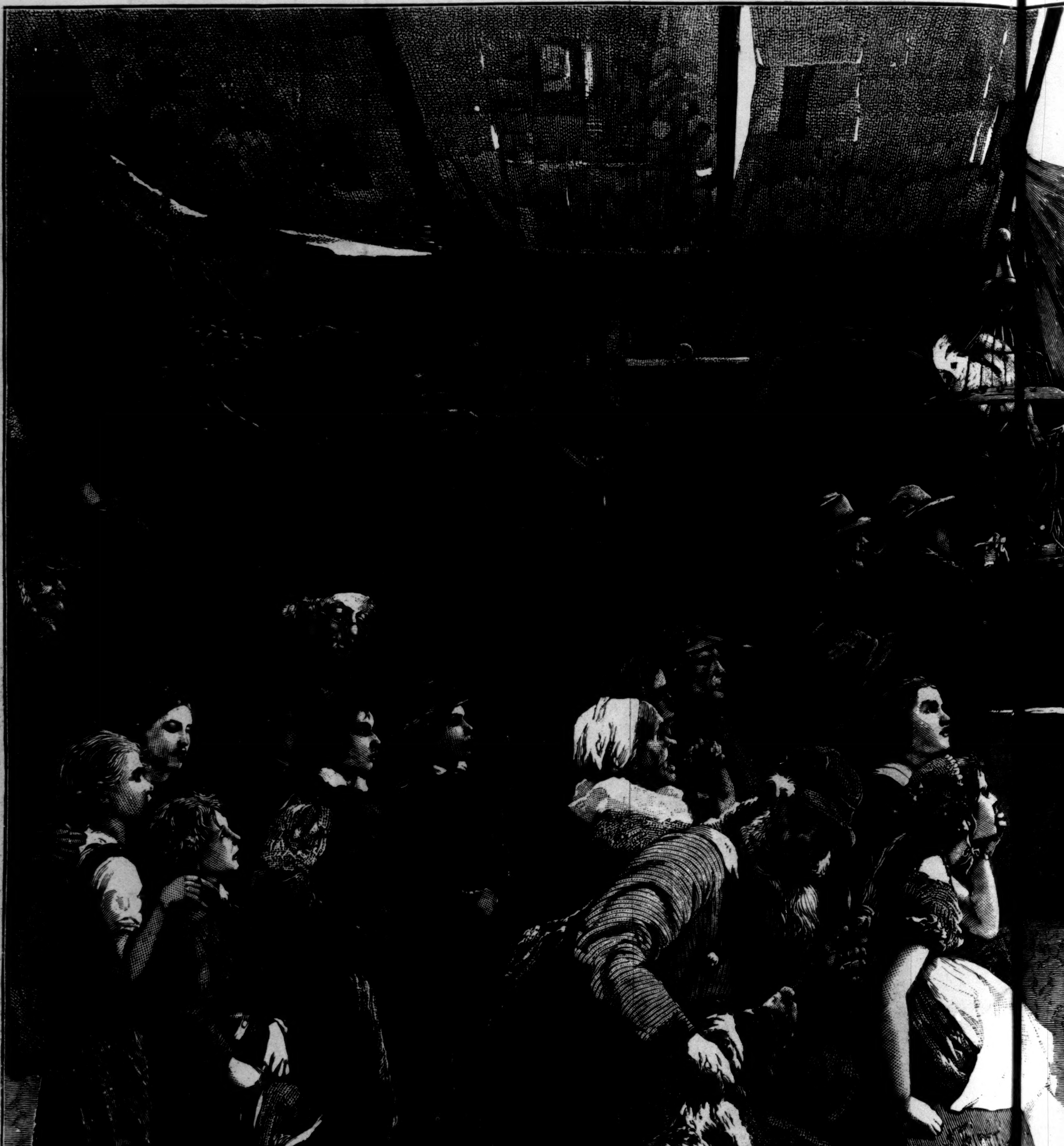

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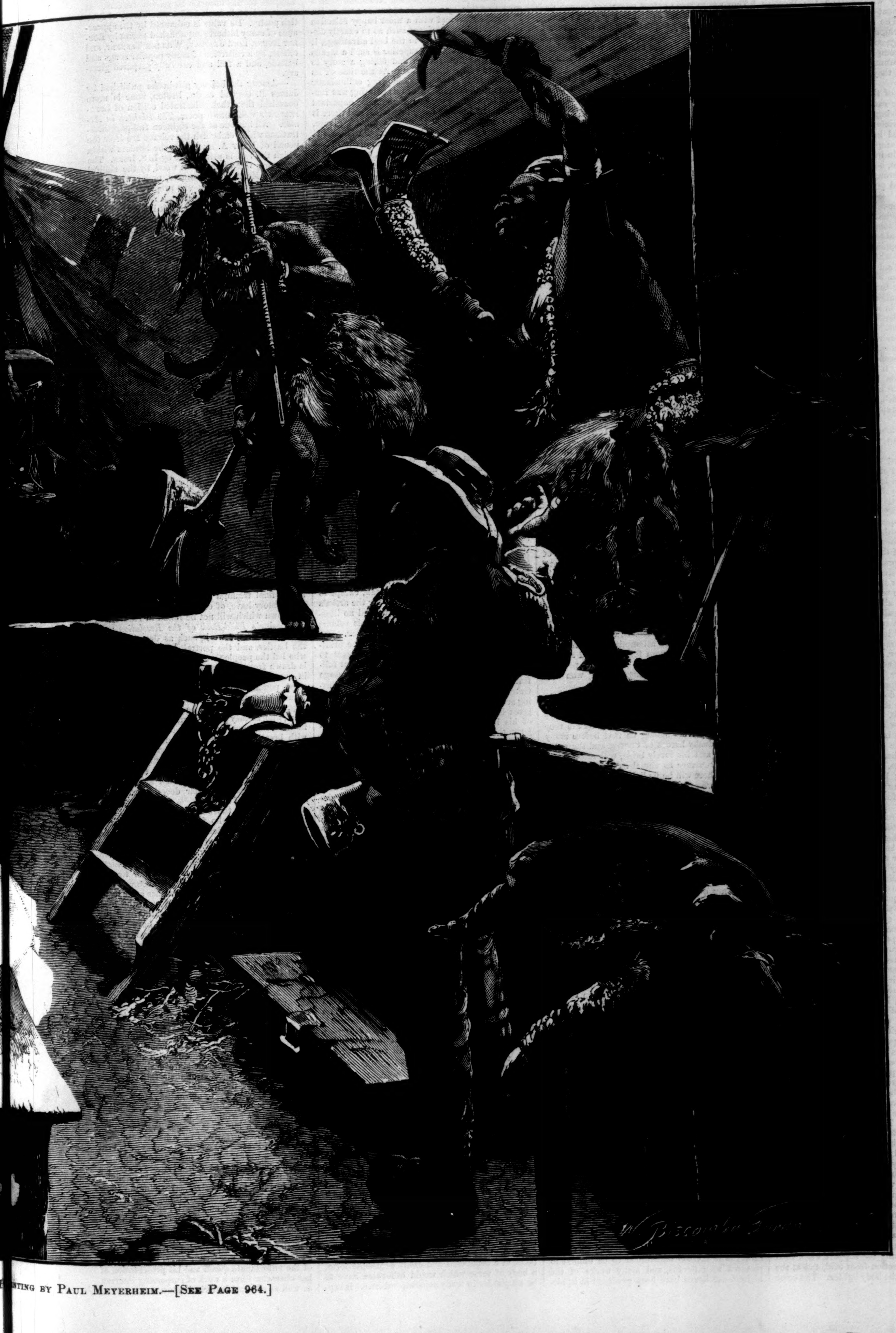

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